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NATIONAL REVIEW

A Christmas Carol Program

ALOÏSE B. HEATH

A Brief Encounter: Henry F. Regnery

Juliana Geran Pilon

What The CIA Thinks The Soviets Think About America

Miles Copeland

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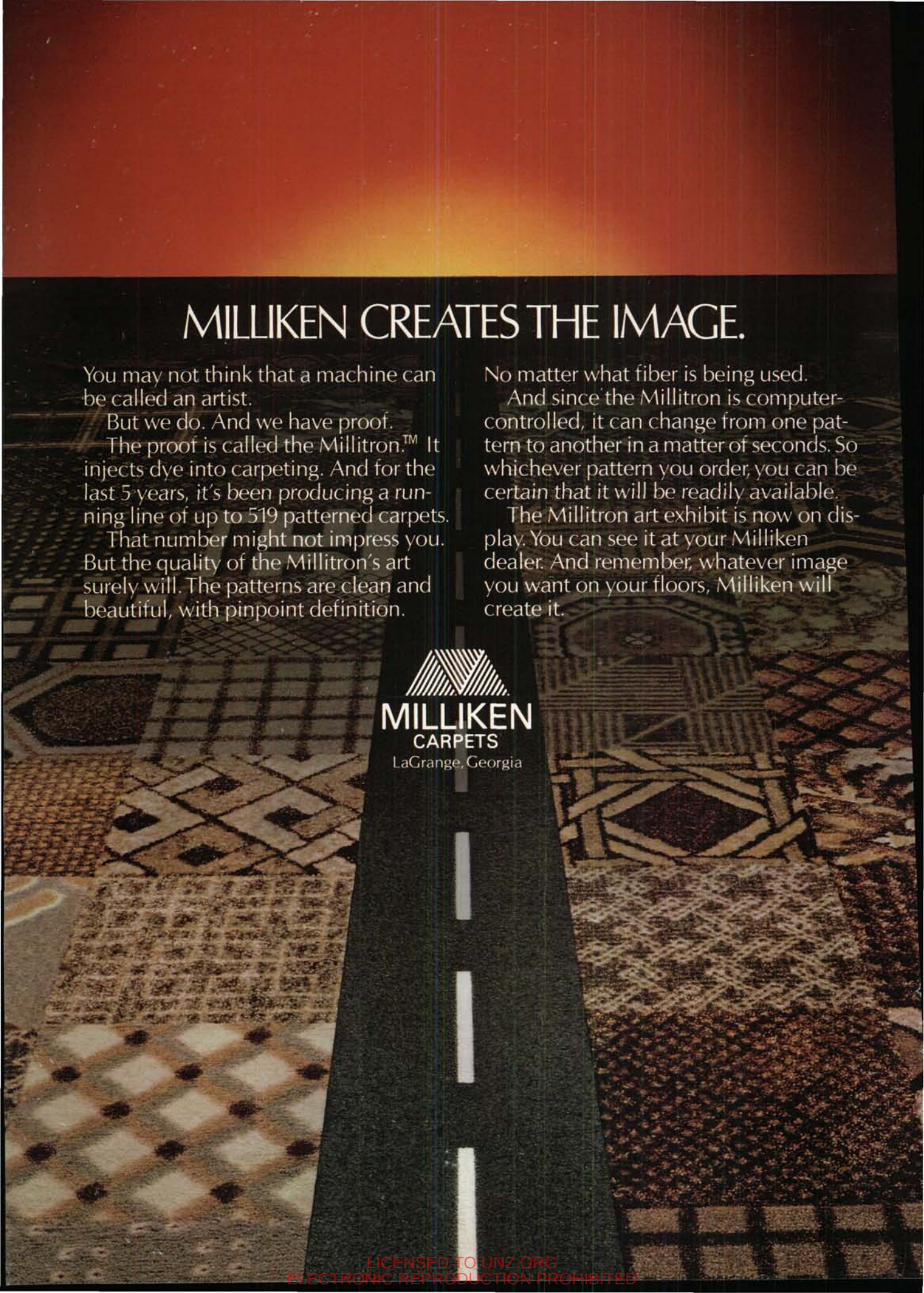
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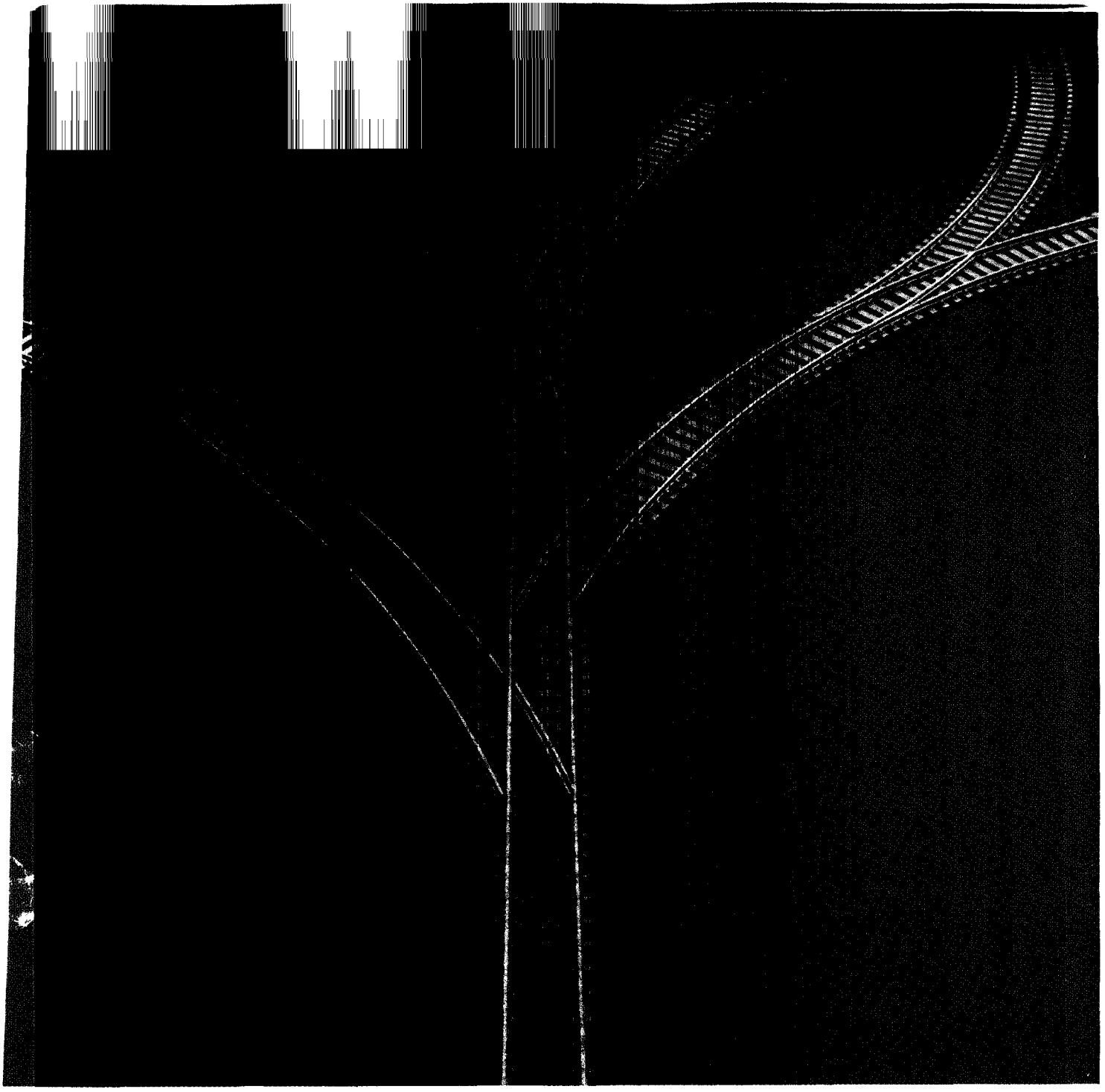

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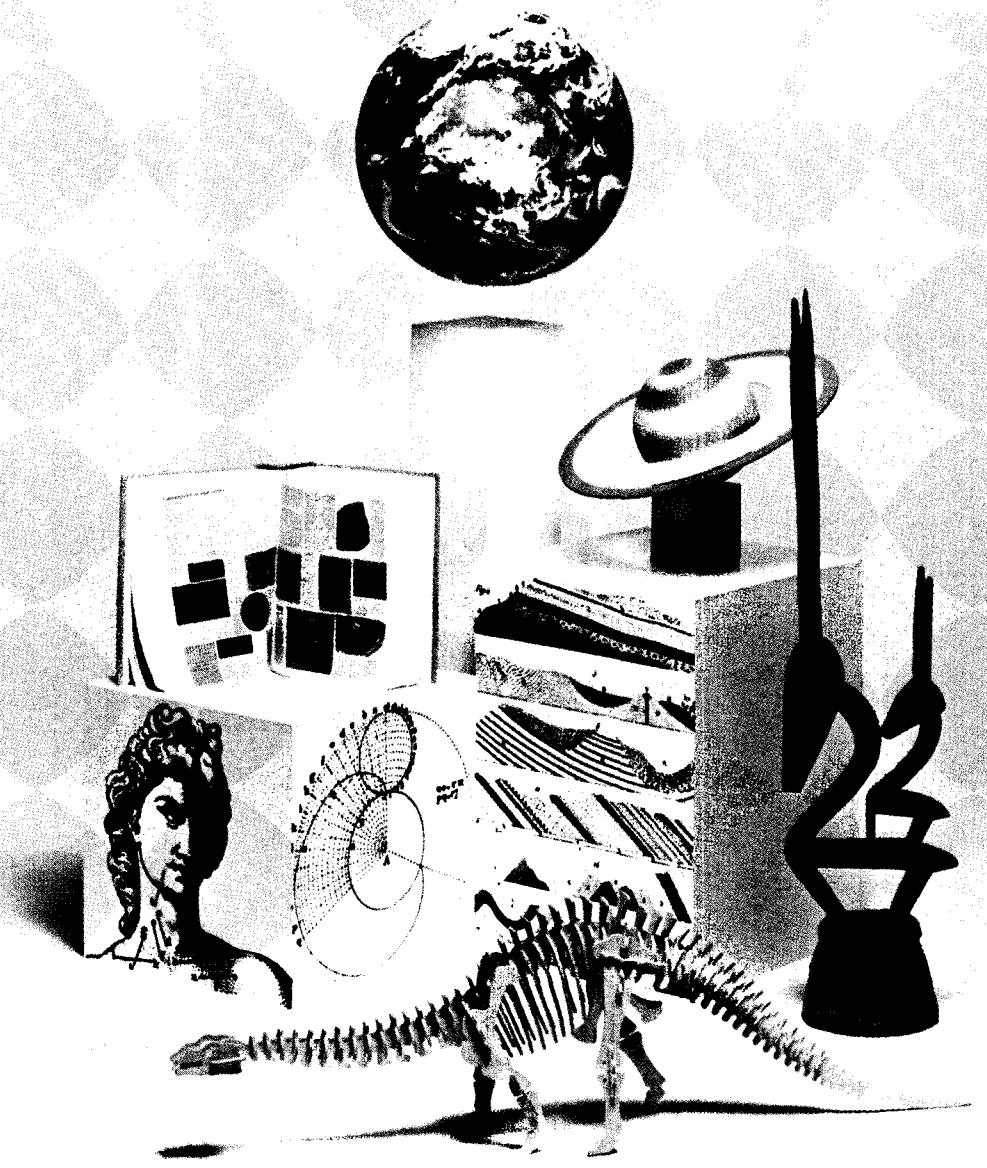

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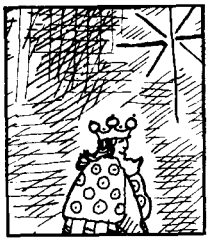
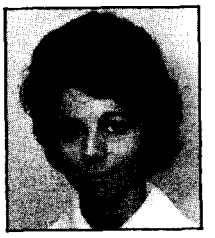
VARNADO
Page 22



HEATH
Page 32

COPELAND
Page 24



PILON
Page 36

SIMON
Page 47

WITONSKI
Page 40

ARTICLES & COLUMNS

13 **Letter from Washington**
The Brethren hit the Hill like a bombshell, as predicted, but the axes are being sharpened. *Cato*

22 **The Prime Rib Syndrome**
A projected film about a microwave meltdown, starring Jane Fondue and Jock Lemming. *S. L. Varnado*

24 **The CIA & the KGB**
"It's nice to have a winning philosophy," says a top Soviet thinker, "but victory is so much easier if your enemy has a losing one." Soviet prayers are being answered. While the CIA can't do much any more, the KGB doesn't have to do much: we're doing most of it to ourselves. Many Americans have been trained to talk Sovietese, without even having been hostages. It makes the job of subversion not only easy but almost otiose. *Miles Copeland*

32 **A Heath Christmas Carol**
Do you know what "afforient" means? Do you know who Ann the Sweet was? How about Round John Virgin? Well, you're about to find out. *Aloïse Buckley Heath*

36 **A Brief Encounter**
Henry F. Regnery was young, brilliant, cheerfully earnest. He sold books about, and in defense of, our civilization, in the course of which calling the author met him, shortly before he died. *Juliana Geran Pilon*

38 **Battle of the Boob Tube**
It's Kirk *v.* McLuhan in this memorable matchup. *Russell Kirk*

BOOKS ARTS & MANNERS

40 **An American Classic**
Henry Kissinger has become the arch-villain to both the Left and the far Right. In his gigantic memoir *White House Years*, he reveals himself as a deeply conservative American who, under the pressure of epochal alternatives, had to decide which values could be salvaged and which could not. His mission—continued in this book—has been to help lead Americans into accepting their ordained role in world history. *Peter P. Witonski*

46 **Schwarzenegger Xmas**
A run-down of the season's sumptuous—and hefty—art books. *Ruth Berenson*

47 **Mature Movies, Hollywood Style**
Starting Over and *10* uneasily combine sadder-but-wiser morals with giggles and glamor. *John Simon*

49 **Let Me Entertain You**
How to handle holiday guests: ruminations of a mature hostess. *Nika Hazelton*

50 **Seance on a Saturday Night**
Paging Dr. Doran (c. 1480). *D. Keith Mano*

6 **Letters**
11 **For the Record**
12 **The Week**
28 **help**
51 **Dark Horses**
54 **On the Right**
58 **Trans-O-Gram**

Cover by James W. O'Bryan

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Letters

Garnishing the Lily

Liars, damned liars, and politicians—that's what I thought after reading Senator Jake Garn's article on the SALT cover-up ["Mr. Carter's Information Gap," Dec. 21].

How about this for a solution: turn America's nuclear arsenal and the means for augmenting it over to random citizens. Let the President be elected by a majority vote of the Soviet Presidium. Let his duties consist of negotiating arms limitation treaties, at the Presidium's behest, with the aforesaid citizens. Then maybe his disingenuousness will work to our benefit for a change.

Linda Stevenson
Norman, Okla.

Rock of Ages

As a fellow rock critic (and unconventional conservative) I felt I had to congratulate John Buckley on his first-rate article on the New Wave ["The Cold War Sound," Nov. 9]. I have been attempting to get many of the same ideas across in my articles in *New York Rocker* and *SoHo News*. But, so far, it seems that Mr. Buckley and I are the only critics who know what Bowie, Cale, and crowd are really talking about. Too many of the others (over thirty, I suspect, all of them) seem to think this is just a short break in the revolution—time out, as it were.

Please keep up the excellent work. It was delightful to see rock music criticism in one of my favorite magazines; doubly so in that it was handled in such an intelligent way. I hope to see more of such work.

Tim Page
New York, N.Y.

Establishment Kids

As a student who attended the University of California at Berkeley, the last bastion of student activism, and also as the author of several articles on increasing student conservatism (one of which appeared in the November 24, 1978 *NR*), I applaud Charles Kesler's piece on student opinion in the November 23, 1979 *NR*. I would like to add two relevant points which, from a student's point of view, are lacking in Mr. Kesler's analysis.

First, though the liberals still have a large edge over conservatives in most colleges, it appears that liberal sentiment is illusory, more chic than heartfelt. I have since transferred from the Berkeley maelstrom to Williams College, one of the schools in Mr. Kesler's study. Though 73 per cent consider themselves liberal here, I guarantee that they do not act liberal. Campus crusades, such as those against nuclear power and apartheid, continually die for lack of support—not a lack of energy but a lack of ideological belief.

Second, a primary reason for the trend from liberalism to conservatism is self-interest, that is, getting good grades, into grad school, a good job, etc. Students are aware that society makes room for those who earn admittance. The Establishment-destroying kiddie-crats of the Sixties, now in three-piece suits, have to their own chagrin found this to be true.

Kesler's study points out well the fact that there are bigger things in life than whining, demonstrating kids . . . like adults, for instance.

Jeffrey Nelligan
Williamstown, Mass.

Fire Power and Will Power

As a soldier, I take exception to the defeatist sentiments expressed in the November 23 NATIONAL REVIEW editorial entitled "Stonewalled in Iran."

An Entebbe-style rescue is *not* (or, at least initially, *was* not) impossible. We have troops (two Airborne-Ranger Battalions) who are specially trained for such tasks as the rescue of hostages. We have helicopters with the range (with mid-air refueling) to reach Iran and land on the roof of the American Embassy in Teheran. We have the weapons (concussion bombs and incapacitating gas) to neutralize the Iranian mob and the hostages' guards without harming the hostages themselves. We have the air power to escort a rescue force in and out of Iran. The whole expedition should take less than 12 hours, and the time on the ground in Teheran could be a matter of minutes. The speed and limited objective of such an enterprise would drastically reduce any "risks" in other parts of the world, which the advocates of impotence cite as deterrents to a military solution.

Of course, we *do* lack the one key ingredient to make such a plan work: the will to carry it out. But this does not excuse NATIONAL REVIEW for the Big Lie it has helped to make truth: that America is indeed a poor, pitiful, helpless giant.

Gerald D. Martin
Captain, U.S. Army
Ft. Hood, Tex.

Musing on the Mullahs

With the fall of the Shah and the rise to power of the Ayatollah Khomeini, an enlightened twentieth century despot has given way to an unenlightened eleventh century despot, as NATIONAL REVIEW has duly noted ["Iran: Musings," Dec. 7].

→

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AT'S NEW — Who to contact about those little-known tax loopholes t make it possible for ANYONE to become a millionaire.

IT'S YOUR MONEY
BY JIM BAKER

EGAL TAX LOOPHOLES 'HAT MAKE YOU RICH

ıese days you'd be a darn fool not to take ıntage of all the "little-known" loopholes in ıation's Tax Code.

:gally pay little or no taxes every year.

ıvest your savings.

nd grow rich just like the millionaires.

's common knowledge that the super-rich and :r "insider's" successfully use tax loopholes · after year. And become wealthier and more sperous each year.

Vhy don't you?

Here's an interesting example of what I mean. Did you know that Congress has quietly made it sible to legally drop-out of The Social Security x System. Over 6 million people have done it.

ust file form 3029 or form 4361 with your local S office.

Esquire Magazine (January 30, 1979) reported t if you were born after 1953 and you nediately took advantage of this "little-own" loophole, you'd be an instant millionaire 65. Of course that's assuming that you put your mer SS contribution into a personal savings :ount. And the money was allowed to earn erest.

Take a pencil and paper and figure it out. That's ot of money, isn't it?

The valuable information that I just shared with u is only the start. It's only the tip of the ice berg. iere are currently other "little-known" tax opholes available that can make you rich too.

I've published a new book that describes every ngle one of them. I've taken the mystery out of ittle-known" tax loopholes. Now for the first me ANYONE can take advantage of loopholes nd grow rich just like the millionaires and other insider's."

Furthermore, I'm so confident that you'll be so ompletely satisfied with this valuable nformation that I'll explain how to obtain it with io risk involved.

And in addition, because I want to eliminate ight now any doubt or skepticism about my :laims, I will explain how to send for this new book and read it.

Before you even pay for it. Fair enough?

Now let me brag a big.

First, there has never been a book published like this before. These "little-known" tax loopholes have been "insider's" secrets for generation after generation. They have passed the test of time.

You will never hear about these loopholes on radio or TV. Nor will 99 out of 100 tax experts ever tell you about them. That is, unless they have read this book first.

This information is exclusive.

If you're interested in dropping-out of Social Security, this book will explain the ways to do it. What to say. And the rules you must follow.

For others, you will learn how to take advantage of every single loophole contained in Part III of the U.S. Tax Code. And there are some whoppers.

For example.

You will learn about 3 loopholes that allow you to reduce all your taxes "at least" 48.7% yearly. This means to a salaried worker earning $18,000 annually extra spending cash of $17.36 daily - $130.12 weekly - $520.51 monthly - or $6,246.27 yearly.

That's enough extra money for a brand new car. Or a 2nd home on the beach. Or money enough for medical bills. Or a college education. Whatever you need.

Some creative individuals take advantage of these loopholes to completely avoid all their taxes entirely. That includes federal income taxes - local property taxes - social security taxes - sales and capital gains taxes - estate and inheritance taxes - and just about every other tax ever invented.

Here's a few comments from some of my readers.

Burt Rold, a salaried employee from Arvada, Colorado wrote me a letter and called this book his ULTIMATE SOLUTION TO INFLATION.

Elizabeth Carr, a self-employed individual from Whittier, California wrote and referred to this book as her TAX-FREE BIBLE.

Joe Bessig, a tax consultant from New York City wrote to suggest I call it THE ENCYCLOPEDIA of "LITTLE-KNOWN" TAX LOOPHOLES.

Strong claims, but true none the less. These letters are on file in my office.

The loopholes explained are solidly legal and ethical. And are in strict compliance with IRS guidelines. The millionaires and other "insider's" have been successfully using them for years. Generation after generation.

A former United States President took advantage of them. So did a former U.S. Vice-President. Current members of the President's staff take advantage of them today. Names and other documentation of these "insider's" are included in the book.

Anyone can take immediate advantage of them. There are no qualifications.

For doctors, lawyers, dentists, and other professionsls who deal directly with the public, these loopholes are perfect.

Using them, you can't lose your assets if you are sued by an angry client. You have no personal liability. Your home, car, or other possessions are not at risk. You become judgement-proof. Creditors can't sue you. It's a dream come true for everyone.

These loopholes are easy to start. You can individually design your strategy according to your very own financial situation. No matter what your income, you can set-up your loophole plan at a low cost. From your home or office. Quickly. By mail. Or telephone.

Just follow the guidelines provided.

You have total privacy too!

Once your chosen loophole goes into effect, you have complete secrecy. Absolute control. 100% flexibility. And easy transfer of ownership. The federal government guarantees your permanency.

There is no stone left unturned in bringing you these "insider's" tax secrets.

Even when you die, and we all will, your family or whomever you leave your estate to will successfully avoid the long, drawn-out probate system. The expensive lawyers. Skimming appraisers. And the ever-present inheritance and estate taxes that leave your widow, spouse, or orphans considerably less than you intended.

That's about it. I don't know what else to tell you.

I only hope that by my simple, direct approach that I have convinced you that this valuable "insider's" information is worth the $19.95 that I am going to ask you to send for it.

If you want to beat inflation right now, before it cripples you for life, make a decision while you have this paper in your hands to investigate this exclusive book.

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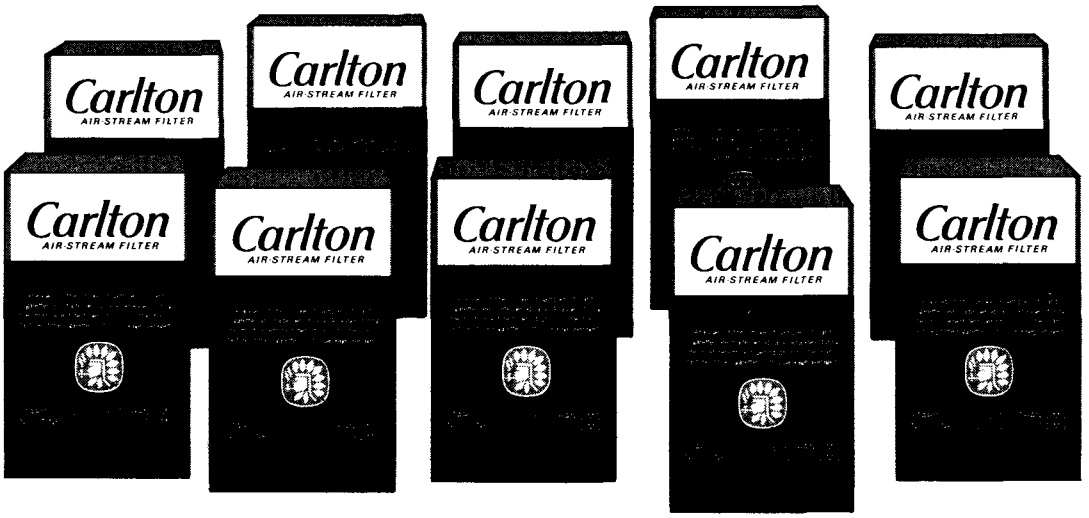

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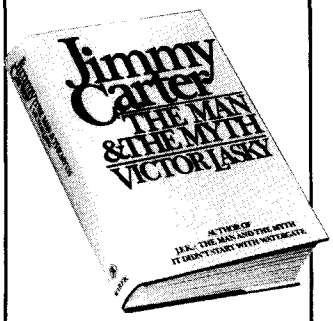

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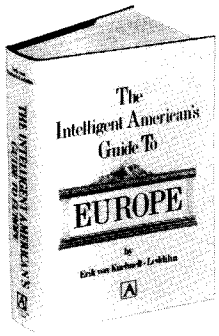

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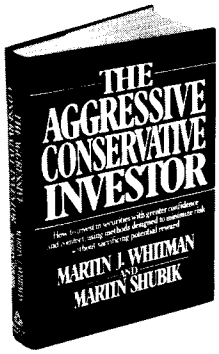

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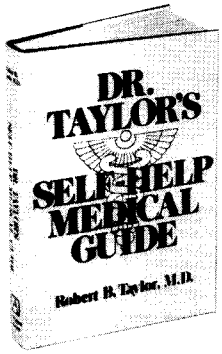

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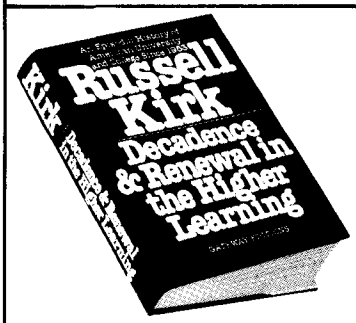

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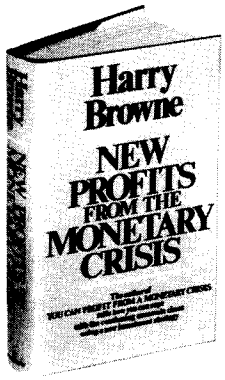

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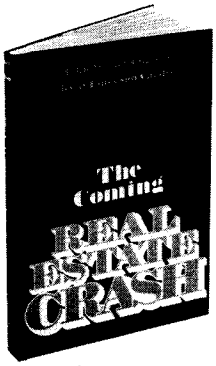

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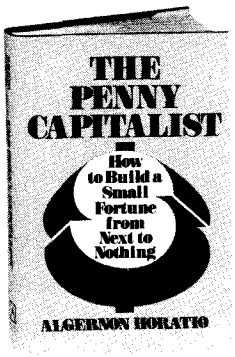

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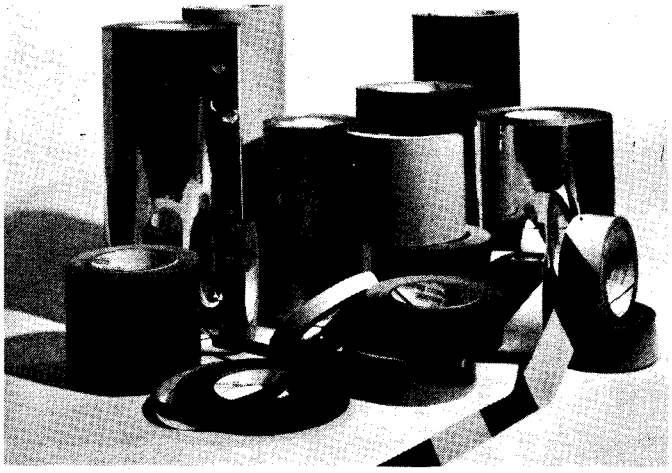

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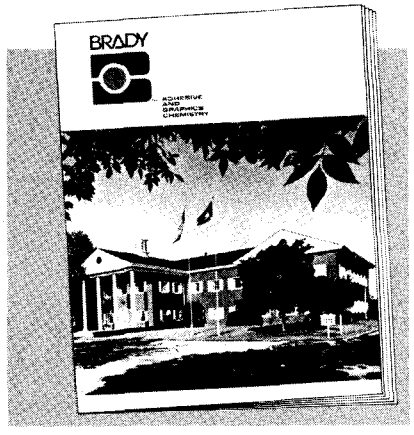

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No leftist coup has taken place in Iran but as far as antipathy to the United States and thwarting of American interests is concerned, the Qom-munists and the Communists are now at one. What still remains to be seen, however, with the new Iranian constitution, is whether the Qommies and their mullacracy will be able to remain in power and be successful at administering a modern industrial state. More significant, from an Islamic perspective, the mullennium which the Ayatollah is attempting to establish is nothing short of a perilous and headlong break with that very Islamic tradition of which the Ayatollah has come to serve, among non-Muslims, as the most retrograde example. Khomeini belongs to the "Twelver" branch of Shi'ite Islam, and the only time the "Twelver" Shia has actively embarked upon political life was during the Safavid period at the beginning of the sixteenth century, when it was established as the official religion of Iran—not by Persians, but by Turkish Sufis. There is no Sunni or Shi'ite precedent for direct rule by the *'ulama* (i.e., the religious scholars). Indeed, in Shi'ite religious circles it is only claimants to be the *mahdi*—the proto-messiah of Islam—who have ever arrogated to themselves the right of direct political hegemony: hence the atmosphere precipitating the Ka'ba takeover in Mecca.

Seeing how oblivious and disobedient Khomeini is to classic tenets of his own cherished religious tradition, is it any wonder that in matters merely secular he refuses to play by the rules of the international diplomatic community when it comes to recognition of the "sanctuary" and extra-territorial status of foreign embassies in Iran?

Stanley Cohen
Philadelphia, Pa.

How to Treat a Treaty

I'm puzzled. Why all the rumpus and excitement about ratification of SALT II, III, IV, etc. ["The Whirling Johnnies and Taiwan's Security," "The Week," Dec. 21]? If the Republicans win in 1980 they can merely unilaterally cancel *any* treaty which is not to their Administration's liking. Remember Taiwan? Simple, ain't it?

Joseph Gregory
Laurel, Md.

Stumbling Block

Joseph Sobran in "Mass on the Mall" [Nov. 23] was a real inspiration to us. Our priests (Andrew Greeley, Charles Curran, et al.) are minimizing the Pope's impact and knocking down our spiritual values, while the "on-again, off-again Catholic" praises the very doctrine that is the stumbling block. It is the Church's position on birth control to begin with that makes abortion unthinkable.

Rae Eileen Wolf
Harlingen, Tex.

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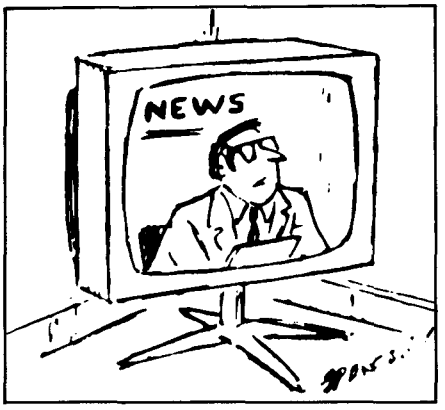
FOR THE RECORD

■ 1979 won't go down in history as the year of the strongman. In Africa, **Idi Amin** of Uganda, the Emperor **Bokassa** of the Central African Empire, **Francisco Macias Nguema** of Equatorial Guinea, and **Houari Boumédienne** of Algeria (who died), they'll none of them be missed. The **Shah** of Iran and Pres. **Somoza** of Nicaragua were deposed; Pres. **Park** of South Korea was murdered. Communist dictators are not so easily disposed of, *vide*: **Josip Broz Tito**, Yugoslavia (head of Party since 1937); **Enver Hoxha**, Albania (in office since 1941); **Kim Il Sung**, North Korea (1945); **Todor Zhivkov**, Bulgaria (1954); **Janos Kadar**, Hungary (1956); **Fidel Castro**, Cuba (1959); **Leonid Brezhnev**, USSR (1964); **Nicolae Ceausescu**, Rumania (1965); **Gustav Husak**, Czechoslovakia (1969). Moral: national liberation movements are not tolerated where they may be most needed.

■ As 1980 dawns, the big news is that **Teddy Kennedy**'s campaign is, so far, a bust. . . . **Alan Baron**, the well informed liberal Democrat (*The Alan Baron Report*), says Teddy's direct mail fundraisers are "not producing anywhere near the anticipated response," nor apparently are the umpteen-dollar-a-plate, or a-drink, affairs "living up to expectations." . . . Democratic pros agree that Kennedy has to find a theme for his campaign and get away from special-interest speeches to special-interest groups, such as his suggestion at Manhattan fundraiser that the U.S. kick in an additional $350 million in aid to **Israel**—to help combat *its* inflation. . . . What hurt almost more than Kennedy's collapse when matched against **Jimmy Carter** was his dive when matched against the Republican contenders. Last summer Kennedy led **Ronald Reagan** 63 to 36 per cent; in December it was EMK 49, Reagan 43.



Spencer, *Punch* Rotheo

"Now, here are the news headlines again, with subtitles for viewers who are unable to believe their ears."

In December, **Jerry Ford** (who says he's not a candidate) was ahead of Kennedy 51 to 43 per cent (could it be *because* he says he's not a candidate?). . . . *Christian Science Monitor* asked five noted economists to rate Carter on his economic record. He got his best mark, B-plus, from **Paul McCracken**, his worst, a "terrible," from **Milton Friedman**. From the others Carter got passing grades—**Walter Heller**, B; **Alan Greenspan & Paul Samuelson**, C.

■ And, as 1980 dawns, **George Bush** is the surprise among the Republicans. "We're playing catch-up ball," is how Sen. Howard Baker sees it, conceding that from being one of the big three (Reagan, **Connally**, Baker) he may now be one of the "also in the race" group (**Dole**, **Crane**, **Anderson**). . . . Democratic politicos are also starting to worry about Bush as possible Republican standard-bearer. Says **Bill Goldberg**, chairman of the liberal Texas Democratic Party, "[Bush] is a competent Jerry Ford, and doesn't offend anybody." . . . But Reagan remains the man to beat, and it is starting to look as if a very key primary indeed—the first time Reagan and Connally meet head-on in the South—will be the **South Carolina** primary March 8, three days ahead of Alabama, Florida, and Georgia.

■ The Soviets are getting ready for those **Olympics**. Last month they doubled food prices in all tourist hotels in Moscow. Now they announce that hotel room rates will go up by a good 50 to 200 per cent in 1980. . . . And **Kevin Klose** of the *Washington Post* reports that grumblers in Moscow food lines are being picked up by the police, given stern lectures about the joys of the Soviet system, and told to come back to have their internal passports (which permit them to live in Moscow) revalidated sometime before July, which is Olympic time.

■ Some milestones: East German leader **Erich Honecker** was in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia in December to lay the cornerstone of the first monument to **Karl Marx** in Africa. . . . **East Germany** was able to release some of its troops from patrol along the West Berlin and other Western borders: mechanization. It now has 34,800 automatic firing devices along its frontiers, 623 watchtowers, and 910 concrete bunkers. . . . An inflation index. The 1970 U.S. **census** cost $233 million; the estimated cost of the 1980 census is $1 billion. . . . In 1979, for the first time more **women** attended college in the United States than men (5.9 million women, 5.8 million men). . . . **Rosalynn Carter** may be First Lady, but she's not the "most influential woman" in America, according to the *World Almanac*. She places No. 3 behind **Katharine Graham**, publisher of the *Washington Post*, and **Jane Fonda**. Eek!

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THE WEEK

■ Our sources tell us that in the event of an OPEC embargo against the U.S., the Carter Administration has a contingency plan to boycott Arabic numerals.

■ Not even the elbows of John Connally can achieve the front pages these days. The Iranian crisis, prolonged by Administration restraint, has frozen the status quo, with Carter and Reagan in the lead for nomination. And there's plenty more restraint where that came from. The Connally campaign, reports the *New York Times*, has given up on publicity blitzes—the networks aren't selling air time—and will instead concentrate on state-by-state primary fights. Another bit of Iran fallout: Teddy's plunge has also hurt Connally, who has keyed his candidacy to the theme that only he can beat Kennedy. The fact may also be that only Kennedy can he beat.

■ Hostile criticism of the Woodward-Armstrong job on the Supreme Court, *The Brethren*, properly focuses on the book's coy methods of research and non-attribution. Compounded of anonymous backstabbing, the book affects a seamless omniscience. But the real question isn't whether or how much of the gossip is true. It's this: What if it *were* all true? Do we have, and are we prepared to use, the means of controlling arbitrary and shifting Court majorities that improvise capriciously on the Constitution? The mandate of the Court, according to Alexander Hamilton, is to tell us when the legislative branch has exceeded the powers delegated to it by the sovereign people. In order to do that effectively, it must be rational and predictable. If nothing else, *The Brethren* offers strong hints that the Court has forgotten the rational limits on its own power. As if we didn't know that.

■ A year ago, Sinologist Simon Leys speculated in these pages on the prospects for Chinese freedom ("Human Rights in China," *NR*, Dec. 8, 1978): "In the past, I have expressed skepticism and pessimism regarding the ability of this regime to modify its basic nature. My dearest wish is that its actual evolution may eventually prove me wrong. However, the situation is fluid; at this stage, it is still too early to draw conclusions. The present contradiction is perhaps best expressed in the emphasis which is being given now to the brand-new constitution, which was adopted this year. This constitution restores some of the citizens' rights, yet simultaneously one of its articles (Art. 56) simply cancels the whole document itself: 'Citizens must support the leadership of the Communist Party of China.'" A fortnight ago, the Chinese government fulfilled its promise to close down Democracy Wall in Peking. Contradiction resolved.

■ Muammar el-Qaddafi of Libya doesn't count as a corrupt dictator, because he is greedy for power not personal wealth and talks about the People all the time. Oriana Fallaci recently interviewed him for the *New York Times Magazine*, with a spunk that makes Barbara Walters seem like a geisha, and elicited a generous stream of bald lies and mad ravings. He warmly supports the taking of hostages in Iran, PLO terrorism, and a full oil embargo against the United States, which he hopes in the not-too-distant future to help bring about. He openly hates America and accuses America, in injured tones, of hating him. He denies that Idi Amin is in Libya, and expresses only a guarded, it's-none-of-my-business disapproval of the "internal policies" of Amin and Bokassa, including cannibalism. He warmly recommends his own Green Book, which he describes as "the new gospel": "In your gospels it's written: 'In the beginning there was the word.' The Green Book is the word. One of its words can destroy the world. Or save it. Carter can wage any war against us: to defend itself, the Third World only needs my Green Book. My word. One word and the whole world could blow up. The value of things could change. And their weight. And their volume. Everywhere and forever." Wait till he gets his Bomb.

■ Mother Teresa of Calcutta accepted her Nobel Peace Prize in Oslo with warm words for the poor and harsh words for a fashionable method of limiting the numbers of the poor: "To me, the nations with legalized abortions are the poorest nations. The greatest destroyer of peace today is the crime against the innocent unborn child." And in Mexico, President José López Portillo stopped the show and stunned his progressive backers by saying much the same thing: "I think there are more civilized and reasonable ways of controlling the birth rate." Which means there won't be legal abortion in Mexico.

■ Concerning Lord Carrington's "triumph" in Rhodesia, we recall Harriman's triumph in Laos, and Kissinger's in South Vietnam. One solid achievement is the end of sanctions. But the signatures of Nkomo and Mugabe on the ceasefire are as reliable as the signatures of the North Vietnamese on similar documents. What's hopeful in the situation is that

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

As was predicted here a year ago, the new book by Woodstrong has become a landmark in the history of hype. A full week of page-one play in the *Post*, a *Newsweek* cover, television reporters risking their very hairstyles to bring back actualities with authors Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong. A visiting fellow from the Mars School of Journalism might take it for the top story of the week, just ahead of the unpleasantness in Iran and opening a strong lead over energy, tax policy, and the esoteric rites of something called the Iowa Caucus.

The book itself, *The Brethren*, delivers everything we ever wanted to know and were afraid some boor would one day tell us about the Supreme Court. It makes for fascinating reading, of course, as the remote judicial figures are rendered life-size and, in the unhappy cases of Warren Burger, William Douglas, and Thurgood Marshall, somewhat less than life-size. In Woodstrong's made-for-television prose, Burger is cast as the quirky, conniving Nixonite—a white-haired, black-robed version of Donald Segretti. Douglas, felled by a stroke, continues to fire off a fusillade of dissents, threats, orders, and intramural rockets long after his mind (and the patience of his colleagues) has snapped. Marshall appears as the shiftless Negro. His understanding of the job is that there will be no heavy lifting.

The portraits in the book are, as suggested, strongly drawn and in most cases one-dimensional. The authors display great confidence in their judgments, shading them infrequently, and then only to reinforce other, potentially conflicting, judgments. What makes their confidence so extraordinary is that not a single source is quoted by name, not a single scene is described by anybody who will admit to being present. Instead, Woodward and Armstrong have relied, they say, on the recollections of clerks and a stack of documents supplied from Court files. That explanation hasn't gone down smoothly, however: journalists may be free to stalk Richard Nixon on the basis of worm's-eye-view interviews and selective leaks, but this is the Supreme Court, sir, which is charged with monumental constitutional responsibilities, including defense of the First Amendment.

When critical reaction to the newspaper series focused on questionable journalistic technique, the authors retreated to higher ground. They now say that the important information came from members of the Court itself. But that assertion, even if true, does not begin to still the sound of grinding axes. For instance, it is clear from the text that Chief Justice Burger never talked to the authors. It is equally clear that if any of Burger's clerks opened up to Woodstrong, they were of the sour-grapes variety. (We would go further: we cannot imagine *any* responsible clerk of the Supreme Court lifting confidential Court documents.) This much is clear because Burger's side of two-man and three-man conversations is never presented in a manner sympathetic to Burger. The reader can only conclude that scenes involving, say, Burger and Potter Stewart were recounted to Woodstrong either by Stewart or by clerks friendly to Stewart's position. Ditto William Brennan. Ditto Harry Blackmun. These examples are not selected at random.

The problem thus arises. Say you are medal-bedecked Bob Woodward and you have just heard a juicy story from one of Stewart's ex-clerks. You press the clerk for documentation and he comes up with a delicious memo that seems to shore up his contention. Then you ask for more evidence and he produces another clerk who will verify that, yes, that's what Stewart said when he returned to his chamber after meeting with the Chief. Finally, you spring the trap on Stewart and he "refuses to deny" the version you have pieced together. Then what? By this time, if you're a sensitive reporter, you know three things: 1) you've gotten a helluva story, probably page-one, showing that Burger is just as bad as all your right-thinking Georgetown neighbors say he is—the story may even be big enough to separate the Woodwards from the Bernsteins; 2) your sources are really sticking it to Burger—and they know it; and 3) neither Burger nor the clerks loyal to him will give you the time of day. What should you do? Should you go ahead and publish the story, saying: This is how it happened, this is the whole truth and nothing but the truth?

Another course open to Woodstrong is what we might call the truth-in-packaging option. Thus, they could have described the book in some such fashion as: "At last! Half of the Inside Story of the Supreme Court!" But that is not the sort of cover line that separates a book publisher from a $350,000 advance, or persuades a newspaper editor to shove aside the Ayatollah.

A third option might have been to sit down, take a deep breath, and say to each other: "Look, we have here a bitter, partisan, potentially destructive attack on a public figure. Great stuff. But until we can persuade him to say something in his own defense—or at least until we can persuade one of his accusers to put his name on the charges—perhaps we ought to hold off. Because we both know that there is no effective way for the Chief Justice of the United States to respond once we're in print." —CATO

South Africa is unlikely to permit Zimbabwe to become another Angola or Mozambique. The question is less who will win the "elections" (widely regarded as a white man's superstition, both in Africa and in Asia), than whether the Patriotic Front will set up as a Rhodesian Vietcong, and, if so, what will the Brits and the U.S. do about it?

■ Forget someone especially dear on your Christmas list? The *Guardian* has just what you need and will put it in the mail TODAY. For $3, a set of 12 postcards of "militant peoples' struggles" in the U.S., such as: "Fascist repression cannot kill the movement to Free Chile." Or—a MUST for a radical teacher friend—a "Social Stratification Poster," $7.50 (includes a forty-page booklet that helps explain it). The new Marxist board game, "Class Struggle," will cost you $9.95. Or, for the Stakhanovite revolutionary lowest on your list, the two-volume boxed set ($11) of the *Selected Works of Enver Hoxha*, and the companion two-volume boxed set ($9) *On Juche in Our Revolution* by Kim Il Sung.

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■ In Washington, a professional car thief showed a bunch of senators and congressmen how to break into, hot-wire, and steal almost any American car in seconds. Whether the legislators were upgrading their vocational standards or making retirement plans is unclear.

■ Senator Edward Kennedy charged today that the Shah stole "umpteen billion" from Iran.

■ According to the *Des Moines Register*, Senator Kennedy's first national budget as President will be umpteen billion.

■ Senator Kennedy stated yesterday that he would cut umpteen billion from the U.S. defense budget.

■ Asked by a reporter from the *Los Angeles Times* how much his national health-care package would cost, Senator Kennedy replied: Umpteen billion.

■ Yesterday, at a news conference in Brockton, Massachusetts, campaign manager Stephen Smith was asked how many delegates Senator Kennedy would win in New Hampshire. "Somewhere in the neighborhood of umpteen," Smith said.

■ Meanwhile, the dollar continued to slip.

■ Never mind Krugerrands. Panama just became the hottest investment around.

Wouldn't It Be Loverly?

If Teddy's challenge is a bomb?
If Mother Rose becomes plain Mom?
If Stephen Smith slips out of sight?
If Jackie vanishes some night?
If all the kids and all the wives
Stay put in their Hyannis hives?
I'd bury all my nagging "buts"
If only Jimmy weren't a klutz.

W. H. VON DREELE

Mideast Nightmares

We have been solemnly instructed by much commentary that the crisis in Iran could not have been averted and cannot be resolved by military means. We have similarly been warned that future crises of this sort will be resistant to solution by, for example, the proposed Rapid Deployment Force.

There is a degree of truth in those propositions, but not much. The responsibility for protecting U.S. embassies in Teheran, Islamabad, and elsewhere is not the responsibility of U.S. jets and paratroops. It is the responsibility of security forces commanded by the local regimes. In Teheran the local regime, as a matter of policy, refused such protection. It is fair to ask whether that would have been the regime's policy decision if potent U.S. forces had been close at hand—forces that might have seized or bombed facilities, mined harbors, mounted a blockade, provided immediate support to rebellious ethnic populations. The configuration of power in the area, at the very least, would have been very different.

But there is a still more important point to be made. The big enchilada is not Iran or Libya or Afghanistan but Saudi Arabia, the world's largest oil producer and an indispensable source of energy for the West. Saudi Arabia, *militarily* weak, faces a *military* threat from Soviet and Soviet-backed forces in South Yemen and Ethiopia.

Nor has the right question been widely asked about that Soviet "training" brigade in Cuba. The right question to ask is: training for what? The Cubans are being trained, with the latest Soviet equipment, as a mobile strike force. Modern equipment identical to that used in the training exercises has been stockpiled in . . . South Yemen. What would be the response of the U.S. and its regional allies to a swift Cuban thrust into, say, Oman, which dominates the Strait of Hormuz? What would be our response to a Soviet-Cuban attack on Saudi Arabia itself?

Clearly the U.S. requires not only the proposed Rapid Deployment Force—required it six months ago—but powerful forward bases: on Diego Garcia in the Indian Ocean, at the huge air facilities constructed by the Israelis in the Sinai, and, probably, in Oman. We require—and urgently—a permanent naval force on station in the Indian Ocean/Persian Gulf area.

From its first day in office, the Carter Administration has pursued a non-serious foreign policy of muddle-through. But there are serious players on the field, and the stakes are astronomical.

Playing the Nunn Card

The President is a changed man, wised up by external adversities and disposed now to come to terms with the realities of a world that is harsh and recalcitrant to a degree previously unsuspected. That reading of recent events—confided at the Capitol in recent weeks by Lloyd Cutler, White House counsel—is a component of the Administration's design for getting the SALT II treaty moving again toward the finish line.

According to its handlers, the treaty is not truly

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moribund—notwithstanding a rueful obituary in the *New York Times* by the ardent Tom Wicker. Rather, it is a simple case of running out of wind on an uphill grade. The pact has gone about as far as it can go—which is not far enough—on its own legs. The thing to do now is to tap an external source of momentum. That idea entails enticing some more or less negative senators—the key one targeted being Sam Nunn—to help the treaty along as a vehicle for facilitating a comprehensive and sustained program to replenish and modernize U.S. defenses. That endeavor, in turn, hinges on a supposition of reciprocity, with some opponents of defense increases, especially in the House, presumptively to be prevailed upon to temper their opposition so as to help give the treaty a boost. The lopsidedness of the tradeoff—matching an international contract, which is to be inscribed in the supreme law of the land if ratified, against a quid pro quo which, no matter how vehemently avowed, can be made no more binding than a cobweb—is patent.

President Carter, who backed away in September, was brought around to playing the Nunn card in December. His announcement favoring—he cannot *promise*—a five-year succession of increments of 4.5 per cent or more in defense dollars adjusted to inflation was a patchwork. The bulk of it sounded like the Committee on the Present Danger. The rest was from fortune cookies. Secretary of Defense Harold Brown's disavowal of any expedient intent to win votes for the treaty was duly entered in the record of a Senate committee hearing, but nobody nodded.

Whether Nunn will sign on as an arm-twister remains to be seen. He has persuaded 18 other senators with varying degrees of doubt about the treaty to co-sign a letter to the President detailing its defects, urging a delay of Senate consideration until after the 1980 election, and asking for further parley at the White House. If and whenever the Senate gets around to considering the treaty, Senator Ernest Hollings, for one, can be counted on to recall for his colleagues how various programs pledged by the Executive eight years ago to ease the way for SALT I were subsequently hindered or sidetracked—and to do so with special authority, for he has the distinction of not having been deceived on that occasion.

The Continuing Decline

During the decade of the 1960s, the median American family's real income rose by 33 per cent. This performance was not repeated during the 1970s, which, according to the Bureau of the Census, brought the median family an income gain of only 6.5 per cent in spite of a big jump in the number of earners per family. Many wives and mothers have had to enter the work force, it appears, to keep the family from falling behind. The question is, what does the family do when it has no more members to throw into the work force?

Edward Dennison, in a new study for the Brookings Institution, says that American productivity has been falling for a decade and turned negative in 1974. Negative productivity means that the national income produced per person employed is less this year than the year before. Hence it's taking more workers per family to protect the family's living standard.

Mr. Dennison tries to account for the productiv-

Blaine, *The Spectator* Rotheo

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ity decline. He finds that government-mandated expenditures to meet pollution and safety requirements account for one-eighth of the decline by diverting business capital away from investment in the production of marketable goods and services. And he attributes another third of the decline to a variety of causes such as changes in the age and sex composition of the work force (women and youths are less productive), slower growth in the amount of capital per worker, and a fall-off in the efficiency with which the economy allocates resources. Altogether he can account for about half of the productivity decline. The rest he says is a mystery.

But it's a mystery that had better be unraveled, and soon. The bills for saving the environment, developing synthetic fuels, buying more defense to keep the Russians from getting reckless, and paying off those Social Security claims are all going to be coming due in a period when the taxpaying family can't count on enough new income to pay them. We need action right now on the tax and incentive front to get economic growth back in gear.

Some People Can't Count

Recently a *New York Times* editorial contended—erroneously—that the 1978 cut in the capital-gains tax had had no effect on the economy. Specifically, the *Times* asserted that: 1) the proportion of America's resources devoted to investment had not increased during 1979; 2) there had been no increase in the number of newly incorporated firms; 3) there is no sign that businesses are buying more plant and equipment; 4) there is no sign of increased venture-capital activity; and 5) there has been no effect on stock prices.

Some people just can't count. U.S. Department of Commerce figures show that real business fixed investment rose to 10.4 per cent of GNP in 1979, up from 10 per cent in 1978. So there *has* been an increase in resources devoted to investment.

As for newly incorporated firms, Dun and Bradstreet says the number is up 11.3 per cent from 1978. Real business fixed investment is up 7.3 per cent from 1978, according to Commerce Department figures. Venture capital is up 120 per cent, according to *Venture Capital* magazine, based on reports of venture-capital firms.

As for stock values, from May 1978, when it became clear that the capital-gains tax would be reduced, to December 4, 1979, the Nasdaq Index, a composite of over-the-counter securities, showed a rise of 24.9 per cent. The Value Line Composite, a good measure of the performance of secondary stocks, was up 15.3 per cent, and the American Stock Exchange was up 67.3 per cent. It's true that the Dow Jones was down 2.3 per cent, but that's over a period when the prime rate rose from 8 per cent to 15.5 per cent. How much would the DJ be down in the absence of the capital-gains-tax reduction?

Those are the facts against the *Times*. And then there's the faulty logic of the editorialist. Lower taxes don't affect business. Ergo, higher ones don't either. So let's raise taxes, enjoy the same amount of privately produced goods and services, and have all those additional public goods too. Whoever said "There's no such thing as a free lunch" didn't receive his economic instruction from the *New York Times*.

Nice Work, Gentlemen

Three of the nation's top columnists spent the last fortnight examining Soviet behavior on the world scene, and America's response to it.

James Reston, not often applauded in these pages, did a scorcher on Cambodia. "The latest U.S. intelligence report to President Carter on the Soviet Union's role in Southeast Asia indicates that Moscow is not merely refusing to relieve the suffering of the Cambodian people but is actually blocking the distribution of food and medicine from other countries."

Reston's colleague William Safire, meanwhile, wrote a column on what's happening across the border in Laos. "Evidence has been gathered from refugees and through other intelligence to prove that poison gas is now part of the arsenal of Southeast Asian Communists. . . . A pattern is emerging: the Soviet-supported regimes in Vietnam and Laos need a terror weapon; the Soviets see an opportunity to test their chemical arsenal without using it themselves. . . . Why are we pussy-footing about this?"

George Will drew the threads together, in a column discussing our reaction to Iran and, *a fortiori*,

Robbing Peter

When you blow a lightbulb
  And you're in the gloom,
You can snitch a Mazda
  From another room.
That's what Jimmy's doing
  With the U.S. fleet,
Interchanging flat-tops
  Like a lightbulb cheat.

W. H. VON DREELE

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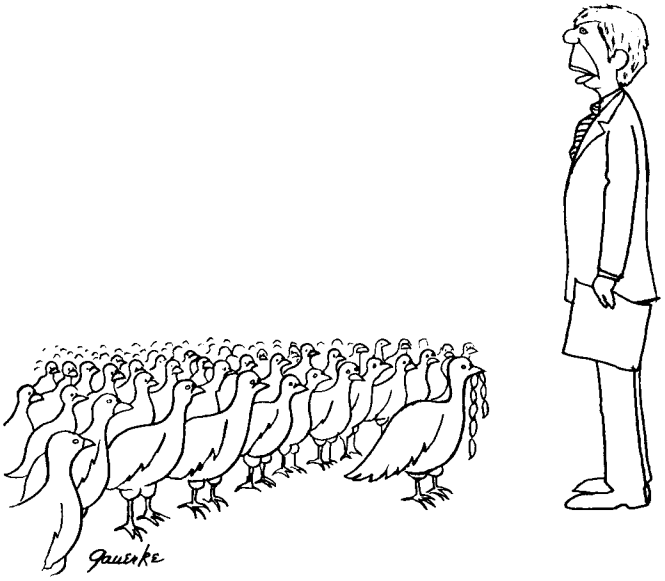
the Soviet Union. First, some Iranian alternatives: "The U.S. could have bombed the dam that supplies much of Teheran's electricity. If Iranians want the Dark Ages, we can provide the dark. The Abadan kerosene refinery could have been put out of commission. Iran has cold winters. Shivering in the dark would concentrate Iranian minds on the cost of Khomeini. Iran is mountainous. Railroads can be cut easily by bombing tunnels and bridges." Next, some speculations on our failure to do any of these things: "Washington is not wholly unhappy when immersed in a crisis that enlivens conversation without actually compelling hard actions. I detect something like enjoyment of this crisis, with its vigils, public praying, and telegenic gestures." Finally, the relevance of this attitude to the Soviets: "The Administration is decorous with the Soviets, in part because of its paralyzing obsession with SALT II ratification. Last week, Carter yielded to Senate pressure and endorsed increased defense spending. An aide said this marked the end of 'the Vietnam complex.' Nonsense. Carter wants the increase because he wants SALT II, which embodies a complacent world view that is part of 'the Vietnam complex.' . . . What the world needs is a demonstration that, at times, the U.S. doesn't give a damn about 'opinion.' There is, as Jefferson wrote, such a thing as 'decent respect for the opinion of mankind.' But he wrote that in a declaration of *independence*. The U.S. needs a declaration of independence from the ideal of restraint in the face of government-sponsored terrorism" in Teheran, Cambodia, or Laos.

World Research, Inc.

Ten years ago, World Research, Inc. was born amid the fires of campus insurrection and while leftists dominated campus discussion. World Research was the brainchild of Theodore Loeffler, businessman and Yale graduate, who suddenly and quietly went into the business of economic education. Today, on its tenth anniversary, the San Diego think-tank flourishes in a new and more hospitable intellectual climate which it played an important role in creating.

Loeffler and his young staff made their first response to campus radicals in the form of a colorful brochure that opened with the provocative statement: "EDISON DIDN'T BITCH ABOUT DARKNESS." From that beginning, the message of World Research has remained the same. Solutions tend to lie not in political power or government intervention but in individual initiative.

From the beginning, World Research has drawn upon the best academic advice, and its products have been of high quality. It achieved a major breakthrough in 1973 with a best-selling paperback called *The Incredible Bread Machine*, a primer on free-market economics written by six authors, the oldest of whom was twenty-six.



"To avoid bloodshed, I'm calling upon you for this special assignment. You're to bomb Teheran."

World Research next produced a movie based on the book. This appeared on 240 television stations and enjoyed sales of over 1,200 prints.

World Research has now produced two more films, one called *Libra*—again on free-market themes—which won a national award as the year's best documentary in 1978. The latest film, a half-hour detective-story type of narrative, has just appeared and is called *The Inflation File*.

At World Research, Theodore Loeffler's achievement has been to combine the best economic thought with popular modes of presentation. He came along at just the right moment for a change in the intellectual climate. He not only celebrates individual initiative, he continues to embody it.

Buckley in Connecticut

Former New York Senator James Buckley has now entered the Republican race for the Connecticut seat being vacated by retiring Democratic Senator Abraham Ribicoff. Buckley will have serious Republican opposition, and, if he prevails, he will face a formidable fight against the likely Democratic nominee, Chris Dodd, son of the late U.S. Senator Thomas Dodd.

James Buckley has long been a friend and associate of NATIONAL REVIEW, a fact which imposes certain constraints on our commentary. In purely political

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On the Left

Never has Vice President Mondale been more candid. In an interview with journalist Karl Douglas in July of 1978, Mondale placed the blame for the American failure to find peace in the Mideast on two people: Egypt's President Anwar Sadat and Israel's Prime Minister Menahem Begin. Douglas quoted Mondale as saying: "I do not consider either Begin or Sadat suitable for the task [of reviving peace talks in the Mideast], especially because as everyone knows Begin has a terminal illness and all Sadat's energy is pinned down by his domestic worries, and he probably won't be able to stand up long in the face of his internal opposition."

Why didn't Sadat or Begin demand President Carter's disavowal of Mondale? Because both knew that Mondale had never made such a statement. A report recently pried loose from the CIA proves the accuracy of their judgment. The interview was a work of fiction, contrived and distributed by the KGB.

A little over two years ago, the United States Information Service in Athens was purported to have distributed a speech by President Carter in which he sternly lectured the Greeks on their obligations to NATO. This speech is another Soviet forgery, like the Mondale interview.

Since World War II, U.S. intelligence has credited the Soviets with at least one hundred forgeries of U.S. documents, ranging from diplomatic cables to speeches by American officials. The number of Soviet forgeries synchronizes perfectly with the state of relations between the U.S. and the USSR. During the halcyon days of detente, from 1972 to 1976, no major Soviet forgeries were detected. Since 1976, however, there has been what the report calls "an appreciable upsurge" in the Soviet forgery campaign.

Curiously, had it been left to the Administration, the forgeries would never have become public knowledge. When the CIA established that both the "interview" and the "speech" were Soviet-made, the National Security Council clamped a lid on the report. Since Carter and Mondale showed no interest in clearing their own names, that duty fell to others. Thus Republican Senator Gordon Humphrey, with some help from his colleague Jake Garn, did the courteous thing. He inserted all the pertinent material about the Soviet forgeries into the *Congressional Record*, in the interest of the public's right to know. The report was prepared well before the crisis in Iran; but if the American hostages ever come to trial, their kidnappers should have no trouble furnishing documentation that proves their espionage.

—Kevin Lynch

terms we have long admired him ("*Admiration:* The polite recognition of other people's resemblance to oneself."—Ambrose Bierce, *The Devil's Dictionary*), but given the relationship we cannot plausibly put it as if he had been Senator X. We will nevertheless try to deal with this contest as we would with any other, on an analytical basis, focusing both on issues and on men.

Mr. Buckley's candidacy raises interesting historical and philosophical issues. He has served as a senator from New York, and now proposes to serve as a senator from neighboring Connecticut, an unusual but not unprecedented idea in American politics. In England, on the other hand, the practice is commonplace. The established political parties find local constituencies which will return major talents to the House of Commons. Edmund Burke, for example, represented Bristol, but he also represented Great Britain.

James Buckley, of course, has long-standing ties to the State of Connecticut. While he served as a senator from New York, moreover, he had something approaching a unique reputation in the upper chamber. He was seen to be a man of long views, of intelligence and reflectiveness, a citizen rather than a partisan, a man of the Republic rather than a man of state or region. He was then, as he will be in the full sense of the word if he wins again, a United States Senator.

Here It Comes

In the year of Our Lord 1980 the Communist countries will suffer a disappointing harvest, which will be explained, with the usual straight face (needing dental work), by the usual reference to the unusual weather, which has been remarkably usual: 63 consecutive years of poor growing weather since the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917.

Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. will write an article comparing Senator Kennedy with Solomon, Plato, and Aristotle.

President Carter will announce, in his State of the Union address, that the state of the union is good, with the exception of certain rebellious provinces, California and Massachusetts, whose discomforts only he has the power to relieve through increased expenditures for national defense; compassion, humility, steadfastness in crisis; the ability to get through life without Linda; increased pay for federal employees; a balanced budget in 1993; prison reform for members of Congress; monthly replacement of all Cabinet members; mandatory three-martini lunches for all those suffering from malaise; installation of improved highways and road signs on Martha's Vineyard; and a return to real family life (smile).

Archibald MacLeish will write an article comparing

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Here it is - The Buckley Roast!

(The hard-to-find tape recording that has become a big conservative hit!)

Get it FREE!

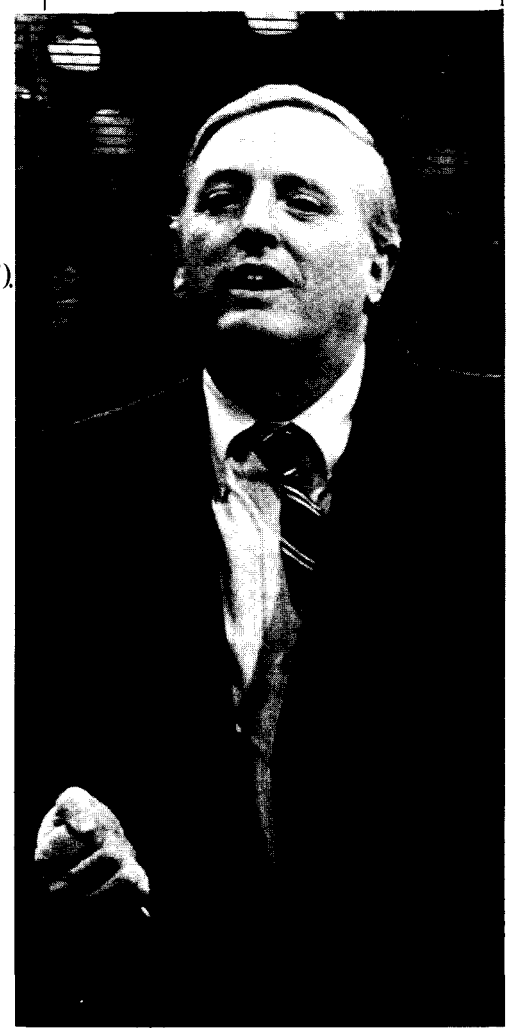
Yes, now you can get your own copy of the sensational tape that makes conservatives (and selected liberals) howl with laughter. When, some time back, Young Americans for Freedom decided to give Bill Buckley a "celebrity roast," the results were surprising indeed. This tape is a faithful reproduction of the hilarious highlights of that most unusual occasion.

William Rusher, David Keene and Stanton Evans were among the well-known conservatives who showered Buckley with a barrage of outrageous barbs that brought loud guffaws from the large and lively crowd. Mike Wallace (of "60 Minutes" fame) and Allard Lowenstein were also there and chipped in with their best shots, giving you a good idea of the cumulative effect Buckley has had on liberals through the years (yet it all adds up to a kind of wry tribute). And Henry Kissinger in person completed the basting with some acidly "diplomatic" digs. Buckley's reply to all this is masterful—he ends up roasting the roasters—and you have to hear it to believe it.

Tapes of the Buckley Roast have never been easy to come by, but now, for as long as they last, we are making our supply available with a special renewal offer that is hard to best. You get this high-quality tape (comes in a standard 90-minute cassette) absolutely FREE and postpaid simply by renewing your subscription to *National Review* for another year *regardless of when it expires.* That way you'll be guaranteed no interruption in service, and you'll also be the happy owner of a recording that you'll play over and over again yourself (and will certainly want your friends to hear!).

So get your copy of this marvelous tape right now. It's first-come, first-served, while our supply lasts. The Buckley Roast carries a price tag of $8.95, and you'd probably pay that much gladly if you could find it in a store (which you *can't*). However, if you fill out and return the handy card opposite this page today you *can* get it FREE and postpaid. That's right: we'll rush the Buckley Roast tape to you and immediately extend your subscription for another full year (26 issues). The price for the subscription is just $21 (very good value at today's price levels) and the tape is FREE. Don't miss the fun you'll get out of this collector's item! Return the card today.

P.S.: *If you are not already a subscriber to NR you can still use the handy card opposite to* enter *your own subscription (same terms) and receive the Buckley Roast cassette .*



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Senator Kennedy with Avicenna, Gladstone, Rupert Brooke, Gawain, Roland, Spinoza, Alcuin, Guillaume de Machault, The Common Man, Mother Teresa, and all former Librarians of Congress.

When war breaks out in the Near East, Ramsey Clark will be sent to Southeast Asia, where two million people will starve to death, providing Jane Fonda an opportunity to make a million bucks on a film blaming Con Edison for the problems of the boat people.

The Republican presidential nomination will be won by Howard Cosell, unless John Connally recoups his chances by reversing his stance on shale oil, in which case Ronald Reagan will be forced to disavow his alliance with the cable-TV interests, triggering an angry but productive exchange with Howard Baker (all of which may be read in Jack Germond's prophetic columns starting in March), although John Anderson must be counted as an outside front-runner with a good track record in the clutch, thank goodness. The smart money, according to Stanley Sporkin, will be on George Bush and Phil Crane, who have positioned themselves to the right of Harold Stassen but are not so far off the beaten track of the mainstream as to be unrecognizable when they raise their flags and see if anyone salutes them on the back burner, for goodness' sake.

Following the nuclear attack in Southeast Asia, Ramsey Clark will be shipped in a plain brown wrapper to Central America, all of whose hotels will have been purchased by Francis Ford Coppola as habitations for the film crews of his upcoming smash hit, *Apocalypse Mañana.*

Going up: hemlines, the price of gold, the stock market, bits & pieces of U.S. embassies.

In order to avoid guilt by association, 70 per cent of the registered voters will stay away from the polls, setting up a situation in which the winner will claim a broad national mandate for his programs, all of which will die in Congress.

Teddy's Christmas List

Dear Santa, this year I don't need
A sled or a velocipede;
My wife and mother both concur,
So I'll just stick with my chauffeur.
I don't need money, thanks to Dad.
I'm always fashionably clad.
But Santa, when you make your drop
Down my Hyannis chimney top,
The gift I'd go for at this stage
Is me, just *once*, on some front page.

W. H. VON DREELE

After the unexplained disappearance of Central America, Ramsey Clark will be nominated to the Supreme Court.

Meanwhile a million musicians will keep playing Bach and Mozart, and a billion faithful will offer their prayers. Give Alaric a few points in the early rounds. Sooner or later, *pax nobiscum.*

Fulton Sheen, R I P

We have scheduled an ampler obituary for Archbishop Sheen, to be written by one of his most distinguished converts. But the issue of *NR* following his death must at least acknowledge the honor in which this remarkable priest was held. It would be difficult, this side of Mother Teresa, to point to a spiritual life more exemplary. Besides that, he had gifts which, without embarrassment, one must think of as God-given. His personal charity, wit, eloquence, and learning, combined with the undeviating austerity of his personal life, made him a fitting object of reverence for men and women of every faith.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

Interesting about Judge Griesa [who ruled against me in my protest that the guards had beaten me up]. He reminded me of Robert Kennedy plus ten years with two years in solitary confinement occasionally fasting. I liked him when he initially barred three guards from entering the prison—then after the state presented a rather preposterous defense he did what seemed like a flip-flop—characterizing prisoners in very dubious terms and the guards in practically glowing words. I got a little warm—and when I had an opportunity near the end of the proceeding to address the court he chastised me for trying to tell him and the Dep't of Corrections what to do, adjourned the case, and left in a huff.

I didn't tell anyone what to do. I made requests and suggestions and opposed the Attorney General. Either Griesa was tired (which was possible, it was after 6 P.M.) or the judicial ego is *a priori* condescending to prisoners and anything I might've said except for thanks or I'm sorry would've been viewed as an encroachment on the dignity of the court. On the other foot I'm not quite yet the apotheosis of decorous discourse either, my mouth being only slightly more thoughtful, if less articulate, than my ass. But I'm aware of the distinction be-

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tween gum-flapping and being outspoken—and I've passed through the phase of dumb prisoner shuffling and nodding when the "experts" speak. I's gotta be a little cool, too, else they'll strap m' monkey ass to a kryptonite table and zap holes in my vocal chords with laser beams.

I don't care—still have my pen—if they take my hands I'll do truncated pantomime—in a clutch I can even resort to eyebrow-jawclench code that I picked up from a disembodied Hindu child molestor. Estoy cansado with these prisons, Bill—even starting to hurt when I laugh—I asked for my eyeglasses (without which I can't read or work—altho I can write ergo another megillah) when I got back here Thursday and these people refuse to give them to me. As if 23 hours a day in this cage isn't evisceration enuf. I am not imperturbable like your erstwhile buddy Edgar (if he was, tho more likely that was just part of his overall facade)—I used to think I was impervious to abuse, could transcend it, even said to Joan when we met more than seven years ago (in a bullet-proof visiting room not fifty feet away from where I'm sitting now) that these people couldn't hurt me anymore. What unmitigated hogwash that was. If I had a nickel for every hurt between then and now I could rent the Albany Mall for a month of Blue-Eyes. Move the family right in, too. I have a lot of respect for Carey and Morgado so it'd be with a heavy klunking heart that I'd pack 'em off to Morocco to sift or suck sand between mandatory sips of Perrier Cod Liver Oil cocktails. I'll show 'em carrots and sticks, and due process too—not with vengeance, that's the Lord's job—and possibly a random band of PLO paraplegics down to hand-grenades and dim memories of distant cousins. Ah kvetch lament gimmee some lines to bind the trembling constructs of this Lost Planet. Teach me quietude and humility too. Quell my desire to drive around Union Square in an open ambulance with John Paul, Jimmy, and Fidel tossing bags of oxygen and excrement at the reviewing stands and yelling for the crowds to arrest themselves, close down Manchurian massage emporiums, and by community consensus (or magic as we used to say in the aulde days) proclaim Mayor Koch an honorary citizen of Uranus and ship him there forthwith for 14 years without possibility of parole, and no furloughs either.

Aye, 'tis a bitter pill they made me swallow, Bill. And do I wallow in self-pity with dreams of getting even?—Yeah! Can I say with a straight face like the noble Ho Chi Minh that my warden has a heart like a golden apple? Have I been rehabilitated or wot?

Do I want books? Yeah. But I can't read without my eye glasses. Is Joyce out in braille? Forget about Wilhelm Reich. Wasn't he the guy who invented the bygone box? Poor man dying in prison for sending J. Edgar Hoover an electric cucumber. Even sent let-bygones-be-bygones letters ad infinitum ad nauseam. But could this government forgive and forget? Forget about it! I've decided not to apply for executive clemency a) because I won't get it, b) as a personal protest against Carey's refusal to grant any in the last few years except in drug cases, and c) follow through on the litigation first which will run at least into springtime.

Take care and be well.

Your friend, Chuck [Culhane]
Drawer B
Stormville, N.Y.

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Rick

The attached from *Premiere* magazine will amuse you.

[From "Sixteen movie critics review their colleagues," in *Premiere*, November 1979, p. 24: "Frank Rich, *Time*: 'I don't have a single answer. I think I would read Canby and Maslin, Sarris, Denby, Stanley Kauffmann, and, if she were writing, Pauline Kael. I'd read John Simon if he weren't writing for a publication that I otherwise find abhorrent.' "]

Mr. Frank Rich
Time Magazine
New York

Dear Mr. Rich:

Apparently you are not aware of the special, custom-edited editions of NATIONAL REVIEW! They are available at extra cost, to be sure, but worth every penny of it to those who have highly developed tastes, like your own. May I suggest you look over the following available choices, and check your preferences?

—*NR* with all anti-Communist material eliminated—regular subscription rate, plus $35 (per year)

—*NR* without anti-socialist material—add $35

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Cordially,
—WFB

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THE MICROWAVE-OVEN DISASTER

The Prime Rib Syndrome

S. L. VARNADO

SCENARIO FOR *another of those oh-so-popular "ecological disaster" films. This one stars Jane Fondue and Jock Lemming.*

Scene: The testing laboratories of the Pollyanna Microwave Oven Company. Eerie background music. The camera moves over sinister-looking concrete towers belching forth noxious vapor, workmen clutching their throats and dying, etc. Within Headquarters Building, amidst an arcane array of buzzing and crackling radars, seismographs, oscilloscopes, ultracentrifuges, and Mr. Coffee coffee-makers, stands Jock Lemming, plant superintendent, who is monitoring a computer screen that reads: "EXTREME DANGER. ENTIRE PLANT ABOUT TO GO BONKERS!" Lemming is a neurotic, disturbed, flatulent—but yet innately noble—human being who is being used as a tool by the greedy owners of the company. At the moment, he seems worried about something. His tie is loose, his shirttail is out, his pants are falling about his knees—the man is a mess! But a kind of dyspeptic idealism shines through.

There is an interruption. A knock at the door. Enter a camera crew from the local TV station.

JANE: Hi there! I'm Jane Fondue, middle-aged girl reporter, and I'm here to get a Pulitzer Prize-winning story about the latest microwave-oven disaster. We need it today for the six o'clock news.

JOCK: *(Tugging at his Adam's apple.)* Microwave-oven disaster? Heh, heh! You must be joking, Miss Fondue. There's no danger here. *(A computer explodes.)* Everything is perfectly safe. *(A portion of the ceiling falls.)* The company has tested all equipment until it is perfect. *(The building temporarily turns upside down and then rights itself.)*

JANE: Oh yeah? *(In a quiet voice.)* What about the PRIME RIB SYNDROME? *(Eerie music.)*

JOCK: The PRIME RIB SYNDROME? You know about the PRIME RIB SYNDROME? *(Even eerier music.)* But . . . but that's just a myth. It's never happened. It can't happen.

Hot Wing Ribs

(An electronic sign on the wall lights up: "Attention All Personnel. PRIME RIB SYNDROME HAPPENING. *Please put away tools and don't forget to punch out!")*

JANE: You might as well level with me, baby. As we hurry to the scene of the disaster you can fill me in on the technical details.

JOCK: *(Twisting his face into contortions, pulling at his tie, taking off his shoes, etc.)* Well, I guess you might as well know the truth. The PRIME RIB SYNDROME was discovered some years ago by the brilliant physicist and gourmet cook, Juliet Childs Oppenheimer. She was cooking a prime rib of beef in her microwave oven one night in preparation for a frat party, when she observed that the neutron bombardment of the wing ribs was reaching dangerous levels of radiation. She withdrew the rods from the container core, stabilized the drip pan, and attempted to activate the emergency cooling system with *sauce vinaigrette*. But it was too late! A "meltdown" occurred. Intense heat radiated out into the kitchen, and the "roast core" began to sink lethally through the oven floor. It melted its way into the cellar where it exploded, producing lethal steam, prime-rib aroma, and cholesterol. People died like flies—choked by the aroma of smoking prime rib.

JANE: *(With a faraway look.)* But what a way to go!

(They have now arrived at the scene of the disaster—a huge microwave oven that is smoking ominously. Surrounding it are fire engines, rescue units, and chefs in white hats. A Company Official is also present. He wears a Seville Row suit, Guicci loafers, and is in the process of lighting a cigar with a hundred-dollar bill.)

COMPANY OFFICIAL: Nothing to worry about, folks. The PRIME RIB SYNDROME cannot—repeat, cannot—occur. Granted, this roast may come out well-done, and that would be a problem for those who like their meat rare—but a PRIME RIB SYNDROME??? Forget it. Our plant superintendent, Mr. Lemming, will explain. *(Holds a pistol to Lemming's head.)*

JOCK: *(Holding up a bomb.)* No. It's a lie. The PRIME RIB SYNDROME can and often does occur. But I'm not going to let it happen anymore. They've used me as a tool long enough. *(Twisting his face into a tiny unit.)* I'm going to blow up the world. Yes! Yes! Then nobody will ever again be harmed by the PRIME RIB SYNDROME. *(Eerie music.)*

JANE: Wait, Jock. Your sacrifice is not necessary. We've just received word that the wholesale price index has taken a huge leap upward. Now, nobody can afford prime rib. We're saved.

A Shot Rings Out

ALL: We're saved.

(Suddenly a shot rings out. Lemming gives a final jerk to his tie and falls over dead. The Company Official is revealed standing over his bleeding form with a smoking revolver.)

COMPANY OFFICIAL: *(In a frenzy of self-justification.)* It was an accident. The gun wasn't even loaded. Besides, the man was emotionally disturbed. You want to know something? I personally have heard him make obscene phone calls to the Dial-A-Prayer service.

JANE: *(Lashing out at him.)* That's a filthy lie. He was basically a decent human being. A little bit disheveled, maybe, but decent. *(Throws herself hysterically on Lemming.)* Oh, what a tragedy. *(Brightening.)* But what a story! We've just got time to make the six o'clock news. Cheerio, everybody.

(She and the camera crew leave. The police arrest the Company Official and lead him away. A janitor comes out and sweeps carefully around the body. The night watchman comes by and checks the doors. A priest rides by on a motorbike. An elderly lady who is quietly distributing telephone directories knocks, shrugs, and goes her way. As these symbolic events are taking place, the titles and credits are coming up on the screen.) □

Mr. Varnado is a professor of English at the University of South Alabama.

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"You don't have to die to collect on your insurance policy."

New Insurance Plans Pay You in Gold, Swiss Francs, or Blue Chip Stocks and Bonds—While You're Living!

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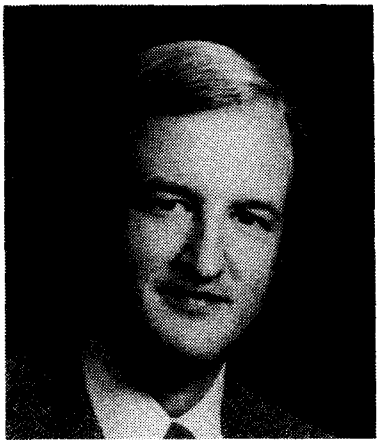
What Your Insurance Agent Can't Tell You

Don't count on your insurance agent to advertise these incredible new policies. Most insurance agents don't know they exist, and if they do, they may not be licensed to sell them!

Fortunately, there is now a reliable source where you can get full details on these new insurance programs as well as the names of dependable brokers to deal with. It's a special report called "New Profits From Your Insurance Policy," by Mark Skousen. As consulting editor of *Personal Finance*, Skousen spent months interviewing insurance agents and investigating annuities, low cost term plans and other insurance policies. Skousen is a financial writer, not an insurance salesman, so you can be sure that his special report is unbiased, accurate, and written from the investor's point of view.

How to Beat the Stock Market Tax-free

Some annuities offer a unique way to play the stock market tax-free. They permit you to switch freely between a variety of mutual funds. This is the most revolutionary new concept in the insurance industry in decades. You can add or withdraw your money just like a savings account. Earnings and short-term capital gains are completely tax-deferred. You can borrow against the annuity at any time. You have the choice of several mutual funds specializing in growth stocks, high grade bonds, or money market instruments. You can switch between these mutual funds at any time on a no-commission, tax-free basis! Skousen's special report even shows you when to switch between funds for maximum profits.



Mark Skousen is consulting editor to *Personal Finance*. He earned his Ph.D. in economics from George Washington University, and is the author of *Playing the Price Controls Game*, *The Insider's Banking & Credit Almanac*, and *Mark Skousen's Complete Guide to Financial Privacy*.

For more conservative investors who don't care to speculate, Skousen's report highlights the best "single premium deferred annuities" on the market today. Interest return is substantial (currently over 10 percent on some policies) and tax deferred. The rate of return tends to rise with inflation.

Tax Shelter Overseas

Foreign insurance companies provide an excellent tool to invest overseas on a private, tax-free basis. In particular, the Swiss franc annuity and endowment policies offer the "ultimate international investment." These Swiss insurance policies have earned an incredible 16 percent annual return during the 1970s, and are likely to continue performing spectacularly. Skousen's report explains the types of programs available, the tax advantages, reliable brokers to contact, and what policy is best for you given your age and financial status.

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THE CIA & THE KGB

Taking nothing away from the Soviet Union, it is herein claimed that most of America's wounds are self-inflicted, largely by three categories of people: 1) "the dropouts"; 2) "the philanthropoids"; and 3) "the intellectualoids"

Why the Soviets Aren't Worried

MILES COPELAND

THE WORLD of the President and his security planners bears little resemblance to the world of the President and his SALT II negotiators, and of the bureaucrats, politicians, and editorialists who continually fuss over detente, the difficulties with NATO, "improving Soviet-American relations," and all the other spurious questions which presuppose the possibility that the Soviets may abandon their objectives. The former world is concerned with our "foreign foreign policy," with the strategies guiding our moves in the game that is played for keeps on the international gameboard; the latter is concerned with our "domestic foreign policy" which—fortunately or unfortunately—dictates many of the moves which are passed off as foreign foreign policy. In fact, *most* moves on the international gameboard are not genuine moves on that board at all, but mere reflections of moves in the domestic games of the various players.

Consider the picture of Soviet-American relations that the general public gets from the sources available to it. Our media, a goodly proportion of our politicians, and a majority of what we so loosely call "intellectuals" have, first, adopted the language of the Soviets to describe the various conflicts taking place around the world (e.g., calling terrorists "freedom fighters" and "movements of national liberation," and lumping black African minorities together as "the black majority"—what Pat Moynihan calls "semantic infiltration").

Second, they have all but ignored what the Soviets themselves say about detente, the SALT II talks, and (in the phrase used by some State Department people) "improving Soviet-American relations." After President Nixon returned from Moscow to make what our jittery friends abroad saw as a Chamberlain-like peace-in-our-time sort of speech, the Soviets turned loose their entire propaganda machinery to assure Eastern Europe and "people's republics" everywhere that nothing that had been said in Moscow was to be taken as indicating any intention of relaxing one whit the Soviet Union's "revolutionary determination." Not one word of all this was mentioned on any of the three major U.S. television networks, currently the principal source of news for the American people, and the *New York Times* gave it only the briefest mention on the back pages.

In that other world, however, those who plan our national security *do* ponder what the Soviets are thinking and doing. When they retire to their garrets to plan strategies for safeguarding our national security, they take with them a view of the world that is more in line with objective fact. Here are the conclusions, established at least to the extent of their being acceptable as "planning assumptions," to which this view has led them:

1. There is not the slightest chance that the Soviets will abandon "Communism" as we know it, or the "struggle against imperialism and capitalism" that it necessarily entails. There is not one sentence, not one word, either in literature the Soviet government disseminates to its own people or in communications that Soviet officials circulate among themselves, to indicate a softening of intentions. Nor is there any indication that the obvious failures of the Communist system—failure to develop the country's vast mineral resources, to motivate the working population to work at top efficiency, to remedy the appalling administrative chaos that causes machinery to wind up in one place as spare parts wind up in another—will bring about its collapse. On the contrary, the Soviet leaders blame their troubles on the continuing presence in the world of "exploitative and corrupting capitalist systems" which distract them from problems which would otherwise be soluble, and they argue that what is needed is more Communism, not less. Moreover, the argument advanced by some of our academics that the Soviet Union's aging leaders must inevitably be replaced by younger men of moderate disposition is confuted by the youngsters themselves—who are, if anything, more fanatically opposed to accommodation than are their elders.

2. SALT or no SALT, the Soviets are developing their military power not merely to achieve parity but to achieve superiority—*clear* superiority, superiority the whole world will recognize. They believe that SALT will assist them in achieving this objective or they would not favor it. Nor are the Soviets neglecting their conventional-warfare capabilities in order to concentrate on nuclear superiority. Military intelligence people now believe that the Soviets have

Mr. Copeland is the author of The Game of Nations. *His next book,* The Supergame, *will be published in May by Simon & Schuster.*

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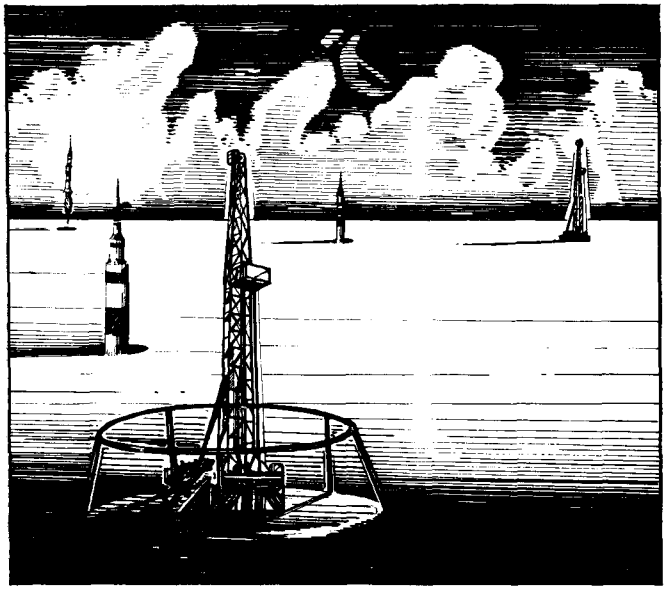
so improved their conventional capabilities that they can sweep through Western Europe any time they wish—or, for that matter, through any one of those parts of the world which, according to recent polls, our citizenry would not be willing to go to war to defend.

In addition, the Soviets are pouring time and money into proxy forces—the Cubans, the North Koreans, the Palestinians, and others who are involved in military operations against Western interests. Although it is not the policy of post-Stalin Soviet strategists to wield out-and-out control of proxy forces, the extent to which Moscow now trains and supplies them enables it to conduct precisely the kind of warfare we are least able to resist. Furthermore, proxies make higher "capability levels"—conventional Soviet forces, Soviet nuclear power—seem all the more intimidating. Successful intimidation is an essential feature of any campaign designed, in part, to win over fence-straddlers of the Third World in whom a desire to wind up on the winning side is a key motivation.

3. The Soviets do not envision a hot-war confrontation. They will not attack us head-on—for example, by an assault on NATO—but will go for our means of sustenance, specifically the raw materials and energy supplies of Africa and the Middle East. As numerous Soviet experts on the United States have said repeatedly, they do not have to *smite* us when it is so easy to *choke* us. They are proceeding to do just that, through a carefully chosen, orderly succession of scenarios in which we seem to be backing the Bad Guys of the Third World (and it is in the Third World that the raw materials and energy supplies are located), and the Soviets seem to be backing the Good Guys—and, through their manipulation of our semantics, the Soviets have seen to it that *this seems to be the case even in the eyes of our own people.* Concretely, the Soviets are achieving their aims through the construction of an "Iron Chain" from Angola to Pakistan which will, in chronological order: 1) scare the Saudi royal family and the Gulf sheikdoms into adopting a so-called "positive neutrality"—a position which, experience to date has taught us, causes an adherent to cooperate most with whichever major power it is most afraid of, or whichever power seems to be winning; 2) enable Western Europeans to see which side their bread is buttered on, and to alter their policies accordingly; 3) induce attitudes in the American public of which Andrew Young's remark that "The Cubans have brought stability to Africa" would be truly representative.



This is the Soviets' World War III. When these three objectives have been reached they will have won it—in the sense that they will have gained everything they might conceivably go to war for, including the power to dictate the economic terms on which we will be allowed to exist on this earth. To put it another way, they will have gained as much for their purposes as Hitler would have gained for his had Nazi Germany won World War II, either through actually fighting it or by default.

4. Present-day Soviet strategy, like Soviet strategy when Lenin was alive, is based less on Soviet strengths than on American weaknesses. Thus, it depends more on anti-

The neo-Leninists now concocting Soviet strategies look to any segments of our society, whatever their aims, that contribute to the centrifugal force which weakens our ability to take united action

American forces than on pro-Soviet forces—in fact, the Soviets will happily give aid and encouragement to forces that are anti-Soviet so long as they are sufficiently anti-American as well.

This is by way of saying that, for all their emphasis on military preparations (and our experts tell us that the military forces are the only segment of the Soviet system that operates efficiently), the Soviets' strategy is based fundamentally on subversion. To our intelligence community it is perfectly obvious that the Soviets would prefer to anaesthetize our powers of resistance by subversion, rather than enter upon the dangerous and costly business of bombing us into submission—especially now that we have dismantled our anti-subversive capacities, and have adopted moral preoccupations which would hamper any attempts our government might make to reconstruct them. (There is, of course, a possibility that Iran will change all this.) "It's very nice to have a winning philosophy," said top Soviet ideologist Mikhail Suslov, "but victory is so much easier if the enemy has a losing one."

With its professional penchant for cause-and-effect analysis, our intelligence community has understandably begun to see the hand of the KGB in our national affairs. In fact, an inter-agency intelligence task force has recently worked out a detailed rationale to support the thesis that, while the KGB is "not actually in control" of any significant segment of our molders of public opinion, it may very well be on its way to building a "network of influence" made up of individuals who are unaware of who is back-

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ing them but who are effectively nudging our native effusions into channels which benefit the Soviets. To use an idiom of the intelligence community, the "current situation" in our country is precisely what it *would* be had the Soviets been able to create whatever climate of opinion they wished for simply by waving a magic wand.

The notion is worth examining. The following items, according to Soviet operational specialists, are standard ingredients in the emasculation of a country and the breaking down of its ability to resist the Kremlin's particular kind of onslaught. They are features of modern American society which have been described in Soviet strategy papers and explicitly labeled as propitious from the Soviet point of view:

►A public which so distrusts its government that it views all official utterances with suspicion, and which can be counted on to react negatively to appeals of the government in the face of national emergencies even in the rare cases when it sees no reason to doubt the government's veracity;

►A pervasive philosophy of "anti-social individuality," as Suslov has called it (or "situational ethics," as we call it), by which an individual citizen finds it easy to rationalize his refusal to join in a common effort for the common good—such as, for example, a military draft;

►The replacement of democratic electoral processes by a channeling of popular enthusiasms through "special interest" groupings which are capable of inordinate influence in behalf of "single issues," whatever their complexion;

►Epidemic abhorrence of the military, of industry, and of all institutions which smack of power and a capacity for organized effort;

►Unilateral disarmament—or, at least, a public which is strongly resistant to military expenditures, either *per se* or because of a preference for alternative expenditures, real or imagined;

►General acceptance of language by which our friends, our allies, and ourselves can only be designated by words with unfavorable connotations while the Soviets and their allies are designated by the opposite (cf. the "Newspeak" of George Orwell's *1984*);

►In general, a popular tendency to see our enemies abroad as "freedom fighters," "movements of national liberation," etc.—or, at least, as reasonable people, fighting for just rights, who could be won over to our side by a bit of sympathy and understanding—and to regard governments, groups, and leaders on our own side with hostility and suspicion;

►Castration of our intelligence and security agencies, and of all means whereby we might discover an alien hand in these elements of the "current situation," accompanied by legal safeguards to protect those among us who work against the national interest and by campaigns to discredit those who oppose the safeguards;

►As a consequence, a popular ignorance of—or, rather, an insurmountable emotional opposition to factual information about—the "current situations" in (for example) Iran, southern Africa, and Central America, where proxy forces under various umbrellas stimulate and direct popular uprisings and channel them toward outcomes suiting Soviet purposes.

Our security agencies, in response, spend their time searching for "moles" in our government and in quasi-governmental organizations. Lists similar to the one I have just given have been matched against names of persons, organizations, and informal groups responsible for the various items, and investigations have been made, and are now continuing, in an effort to detect Soviet connections.

But, according to evidence to date, Soviet successes in this country—by which I mean developments in this country favoring the Soviets which result directly from KGB operations—have occurred *only* in the field of intelligence acquisition. True Soviet "subversion," as our security officials use this term, has yet to be proved. The KGB may be subsidizing some of our own citizens' efforts, but it doesn't have to direct them—it's just sitting back and watching it happen.

To our intelligence community, it is perfectly obvious that the Soviets would prefer to anaesthetize our powers of resistance by subversion, rather than to bomb us into submission

Anthropologists under contract to the CIA, looking hard for ways to explain disaffection in various societies, have bracketed three categories which they believe apply to our own: 1) people who can't make the grade in an increasingly competitive economic order, and who blame it on the order rather than themselves, and who might be called, for want of a better word, "the *dropouts*"; 2) those who can, and do, compete successfully enough, but who for some reason, usually unconscious and irrational, feel guilty and uncomfortable with their success, and whom we might call "*philanthropoids*," since they often give large amounts of material aid and moral support to their "less fortunate" co-belligerents; 3) the "verbalists" in our society—the "*intellectualoids*"—who do not grow corn, manufacture clothing, build houses, or cure diseases but are engaged in professions which escape the disciplines of "results orientation" (e.g., newspaper editorialists, college professors, etc.) and who are therefore free to adopt any crackpot theory that catches their fancy.

Aside from any specific faults persons in these categories may find in the producers of our society, they simply *do not like them.* This elementary fact alone is enough to put them in opposition to those persons and institutions which provide most of our economic well-being and physical security—bankers, multinational corporations, small businessmen ("Babbitts"), and that hated, half-legendary institution known as the "military-industrial complex."

Only a minuscule percentage of those who belong to

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one of the three categories and whose words and behavior contribute to the "suicide package" described above might conceivably be KGB agents. So far as I can be certain, only the martyred Orlando Letelier, the Chilean who was associated with the intellectualoid Institute for Policy Studies and who received a salary from the KGB-associated Cuban intelligence service while so doing, has been definitely proved to have been an agent of a foreign government. There are others who are being subsidized by either the KGB or some associate (Cuban, East German, or North Korean), but not with their certain knowledge; foreign contributions to individuals and organizations engaged in activities which contribute to paralyzing our nation in the face of Soviet aggressions are almost all channeled through intermediaries in such a way that the recipients are unaware—or may plausibly claim unawareness—of the source.

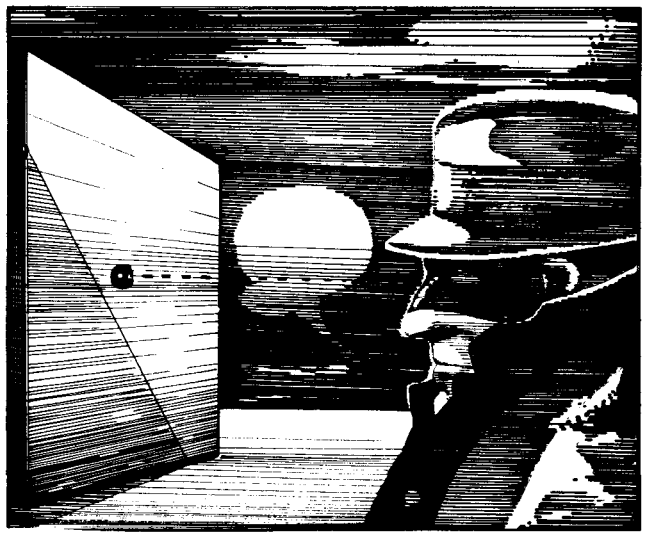
Practically all of the recipients, moreover, believe their motivations to be entirely patriotic. Even the Institute for Policy Studies, the organization which members of our intelligence community believe to be the rallying-ground for destructive dissidence in our country, has survived the most painstaking investigations: with the exception of Letelier, not one member or associate of that organization can be proved to have taken direction or financial support from a foreign power—not, anyhow, with evidence that could stand up in court.

The dropouts, philanthropoids, and verbalists aren't the main problem in any case. As recent Soviet studies of our society show, Moscow sees even more advantage in a fourth contributor to the suicide package. I refer to the special interest group. The neo-Leninists now concocting Soviet strategies look to any segments of our society, whatever their aims and motivations, that contribute to the centrifugal force which weakens our ability to take united action. Abortionists and anti-abortionists are equally valuable, so long as they exert their energies each against the other and put their "single issues" above the general national interest. Ethnic minorities are even more valuable—Greek-Americans for effectively opposing any defense plan the Pentagon may devise which involves cooperation with the Turks; Jewish-Americans for effectively opposing Arab-American relations or anything we might do to accommodate the Palestinians; Arab-Americans for effectively opposing any plan for the security of our Middle Eastern oil supply which might involve cooperation with Israel.

Because of the wealth and concentration of effort expended by this category of special interest groups, our security planners are blocked from creating any workable plan for protecting our overall national interests. There is no recommendation, no plan, no project which the President of the United States can advance as being good for the nation as a whole, whether in the field of economics, energy, or national defense, that will not have against it some powerful group strongly motivated to kill it, and entirely capable of doing so—and doing so not by proving that it is damaging to its *own* well-being but by proving that it is against the interests of the country as a whole. A wealthy and highly concentrated 2 per cent of our population can almost always have its way over a diffuse, unorganized, and largely apathetic 98 per cent.

And this, it happens, is the key to the success of the 2 per cent which shapes up as a special interest group: the skill of its spokesmen in arguing variations of "What's good for General Motors is good for America." These spokesmen are among the smartest, highest-paid, most persuasive people in America. They are the elite of the verbalists. Compared to them, those who argue honestly for the general national interest are a lot of country-schoolteacher amateurs.

Soviet defectors, although anxious to ingratiate themselves with their FBI and CIA interrogators by furnishing them masses of juicy revelations, invariably insist that "what you are doing to yourselves" is so effectively destructive that it robs KGB stations in New York and Washington of arguments to use on their Moscow headquarters for bigger budgets. The sad truth is that the KGB doesn't need agents and Fifth Column operations to achieve its aims. Indigenous individuals, groups, and organizations—and even parts of our own government agencies—are saving it the trouble. □



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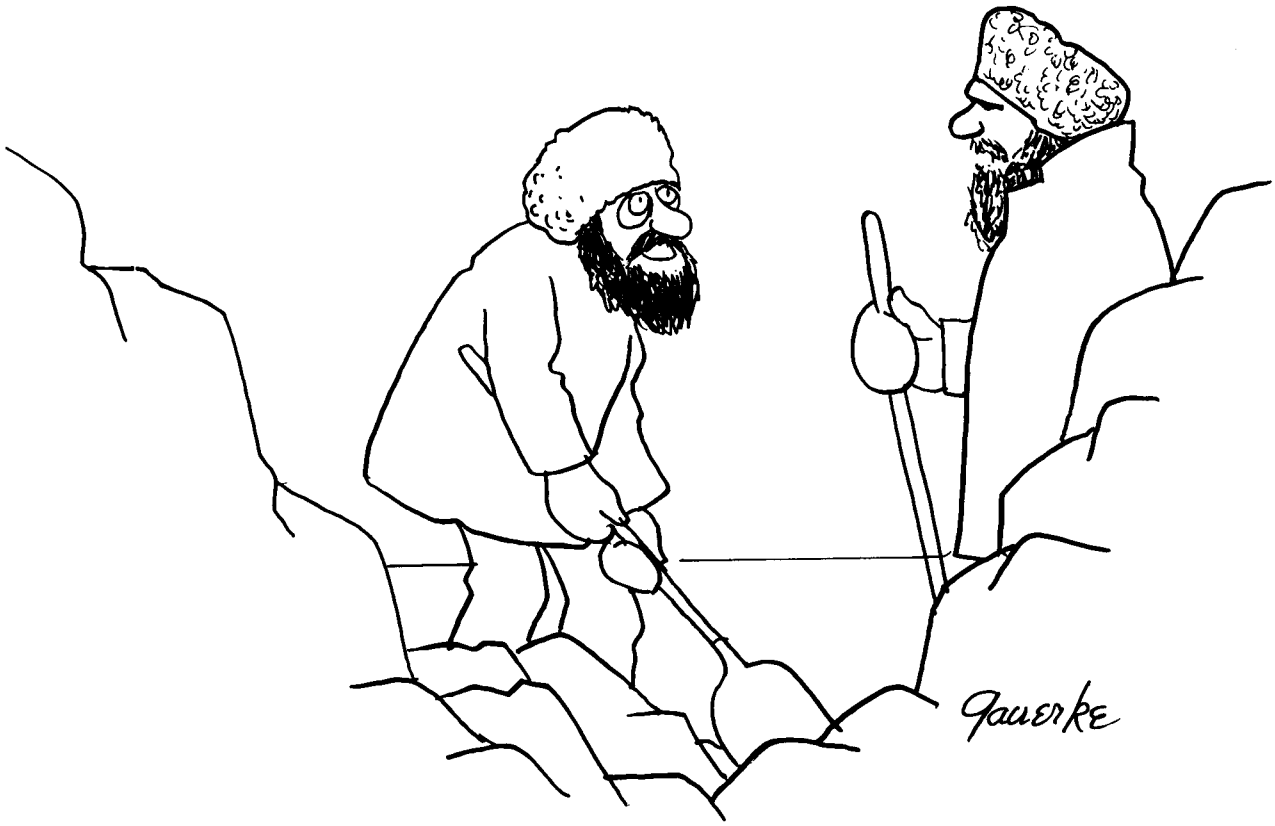
help !!!!

Miss Lillian's Solution

It wasn't in the best of taste;
Her son disowned the thought in haste.
Predictably, McGovern said
The woman ought to stay in bed.
The Fonda crowd became obscene.
Sloane Coffin banged his tambourine,
While Teddy, Mother Rose, and Joan
Allowed themselves a genteel moan.
If I were Santa, just for yuks
I'd give the gal her million bucks.

W. H. von Dreele



"As a youth, I always wanted to be a dancer. Then I made my fatal error. I decided to write instead."

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"It only hurts when I leave."

MACNELLY THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER ©1979 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE
FOOD FAST IN SUPPORT OF IRANIAN STUDENTS
OIL FAST IN SUPPORT OF AMERICAN HOSTAGES

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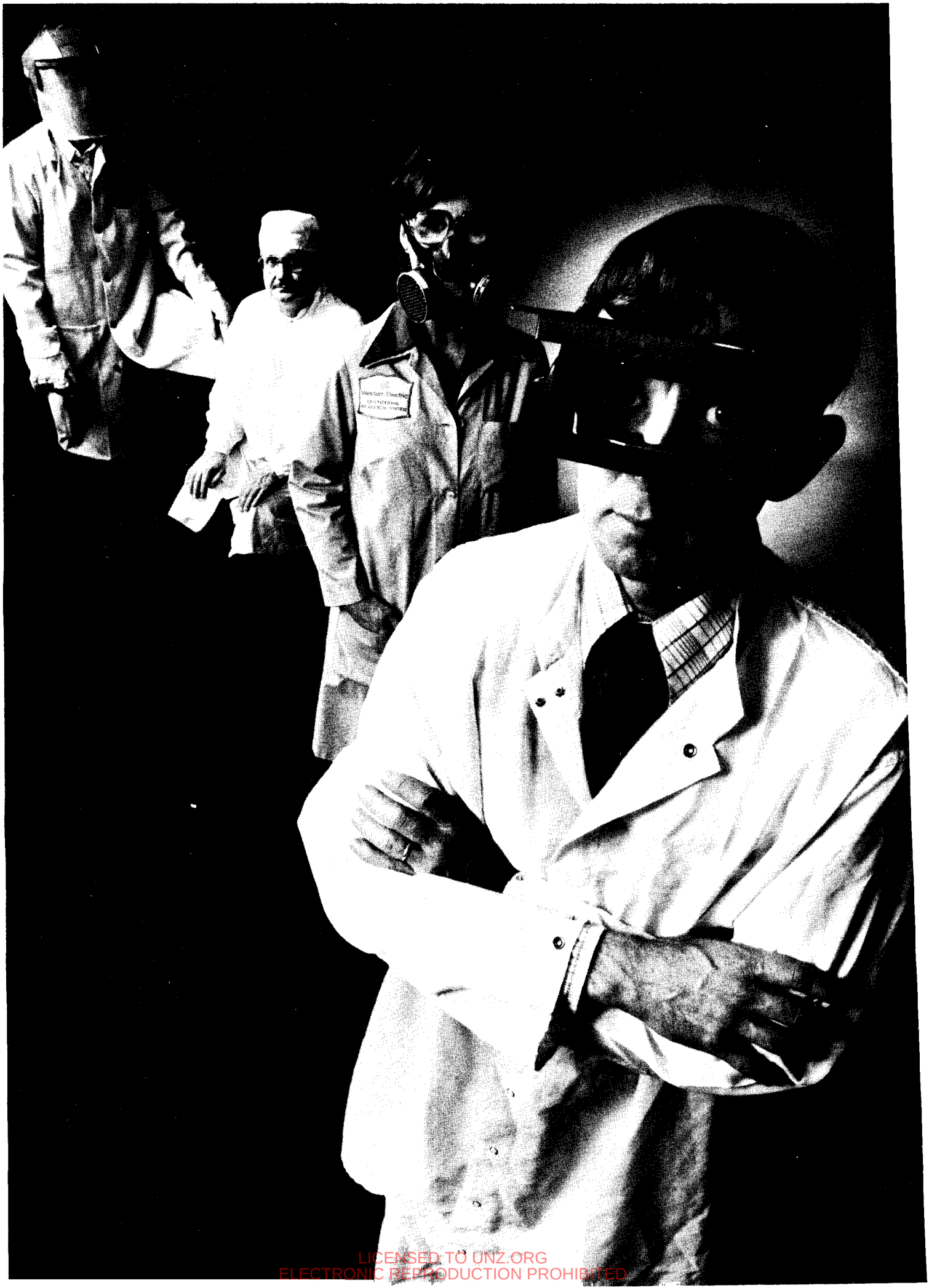

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As soon as there's a better way to do something, the old way becomes obsolete.

And these scientists do nothing *but* design new and better ways for Western Electric to manufacture products for the Bell System. In the last two years, they and their colleagues at Western Electric's Engineering Research Center have helped cut costs by over $156 million.

They are a vital part of Western Electric's commitment to helping the Bell System keep the cost of communications service down, while keeping the quality up.

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The people at our Engineering Research Center work full time on manufacturing research. Over 50% of them are PhD's.

At home in the factory as well as the lab, they turn theoretical experiments into real savings. For example, while exploring ways to improve production of telephone circuit boards, they invented a totally new material with which to make the boards and a whole new way to mass-produce them.

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These are just a few examples of what the Engineering Research Center does throughout *all* of Western Electric's manufacturing operations —developing new ideas in technology to improve telephone products and produce them at lower cost.

Anticipating the Future

Much of the work of the Engineering Research Center is designed to keep Western Electric ahead of technology, by anticipating what new processes will be needed for tomorrow's products.

It's a total and ongoing commitment. A commitment to provide you with the highest quality telephone service at the lowest possible cost.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

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A Heath Christmas Carol

ALOÏSE BUCKLEY HEATH

None of the Heath children was born on Sunday, but many of them almost were, which may account for the fact that, although bright *and* bonny *and* good *and* gay they are not, bonny and gay they indubitably are.

They may get A2 in handwriting and D4 in word analysis; they may get "whole-heartedly enthusiastic" in sports and "constantly inattentive" in social studies, but they are the bonniest crew—not in the whole country; that's ridiculous, I always tell people—in New England. Though, I admit it, I don't know the rest of the country very well.

It is regrettably true that they forge their father's name to undone-homework slips (remember those As in penmanship) at eight; that they fall in love with and torture members of the opposite sex at 11; and that by the age of 12 they have discovered that you can smoke into the exhaust fan of the first-floor lavatory with absolute safety, whereas smoking out of the third-floor bathroom window means Mother calls the Fire Department. (They learn about cigarettes young because when we catch them smoking, we beat them.)

And gay my children unquestionably are. They rollick into the house from school, burst into paroxysms of laughter at the extraordinary coincidence of their reunion from various car-pools, plan their far-flung wickednesses in gales of muffled giggles, are scolded with eyes twinkling above insufficiently suppressed grins, and fall asleep in the midst of a choked chuckle at eight, nine, or ten P.M., according to whether their bedtime was at seven, eight, or nine.

And they sing! Lord, how they sing! They sing alone or in unison, in harmony, cacophony, or competition, and if two of the stubborn ones simultaneously embark on "The Surrey with the Fringe on Top" and "Silent Night," an immediate popularity contest ensues, as other children drift into the room and join in one song or the other. If the singers are equally popular, you just have to break it up. (Not by saying, "Break it up," you understand. Who's listening? What I usually do is play "The Stars and Stripes Forever" very loudly on the piano.)

With all the gaiety and caroling that goes on in our house all year round, it is only natural that we plan, early every December, a Christmas carol program to put on tape after it is absolutely perfect, and send to the children's grandmother as an absolutely unique, unprocurable-in-stores, Christmas gift.

One reason this always seems feasible in early December is that around then the children are infinitesimally better-behaved than usual. I myself attribute this to the fact that their father and I are, not infinitesimally at all, worse. I have even discussed with Ben the potentialities of our being worse all the time, for the children's own good, but he insists he is the same at Christmas time as he is the year round, which, as I occasionally—well, maybe a *little* more often than occasionally—point out, is a clear admission that he is impossible all the time.

In any case, there's no question that, around Christmas time, the children are more cooperative. All of them will stand still and concentrate, instead of two reading comic books and three wrestling under the piano. They all willingly sing *"fa-la-la-la-la, la-la! la! la!"* even though most of the boys, and all of the girls under 12, say it makes them feel silly. All in all, it seems an ideal time to plan a Christmas program, and I do so, in spite of a) an unbroken record of failure, and b) the boys.

Boys, as anyone with fewer resources than the director of the Vienna Boys' Choir knows, are an insuperable obstacle to group singing. I am convinced that Madame von Trapp had hers wired for sound.

In our family, 21-year-old Jim is the only dependable boy. He has a soft, melodious tenor voice, he sings fa-la-la without shame, and he whacks the little ones when they fidget. Seventeen-year-old John, who also has a nice voice, is, unfortunately, musically gifted, and refuses to waste his talent on mere singing. He plays the descant to the carols on his recorder, and if there is not a satisfactory descant he composes one, which is lovely, but it leaves Jim alone and lonely down there below middle C. Buckley, at 13, sings a high and piercingly sweet soprano, but he is under the impression that a listening world will believe his voice has changed if he emits all sounds an octave lower than is normal to him. And he sings that way until his ribs are so sore from his

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brothers' and sisters' pounding that he can barely sing at all, which, as I keep pointing out, may be good for discipline, but not for Christmas-carol programs. Timothy, who is a crotchety eight, refuses flatly to make any concessions on the part of the language as it is spoken, to the language as it is sung. *"Glo-o-o-o-o-o, o-o-o-o-o, o-o-o-o-o-o-o-ria"* is not for him. He sings, *"Glo-,"* compares the marble collection in his right pocket with the marble collection in his left pocket, and rejoins the chorale unerringly on *"ria,"* but neither pleading nor pummeling will induce him to vocalize all those finky "aws."

All this is a little hard on Pam, who is 19 and who, as the conscientious and efficient head of her school Madrigal Club last year, has much higher standards than the rest of us. Our carol program this year was to be not just Mother at the piano, John at the recorder, and nine children singing in unison. It was to include part-singing, solos, duets, trios, and quartets, Buckley on the drums, ten-year-old Jennifer on the triangle, and a piano duet by Betsey and Alison, who are 11 and 12 and hate each other.*

Our first difficulties I could see coming. Buckley played the drum, not with a gently medieval boom, nor even with a gay seventeenth century rat-a-tat, but as if he were soloing during a pause in a program by the Rolling Stones, which was impressive, to be sure, but reduced the singers to utter inaudibility. Jennifer ting'd on the triangle whenever it seemed to her that she had not tung for quite long enough, and Betsey and Alison, who have never entirely grasped the purpose of a duet, exchanged sidelong black-eyed glares and raced each other through "Jingle Bells," Alison winning handily by a good two and a half measures.

Timothy and little Janet, who were to solo as friendly beasts in the carol known only to the parents of small children, "The Friendly Beasts," were less than cooperative. Janet refused to sing, *"I, said the cow all white and red,"* because she said cows were ugly and she was not; besides, everyone kept smiling at her. And Tim persisted in singing, *"I, said the don-key, all shaggy and brown,"* as *"I. Said the donkey. All shaggy. And brown. I carried. His Mother. Uphill. And down."*

After the special-effects numbers the group launched into the standard Christmas carols while Pam conducted and I concentrated on the piano. I have to concentrate harder than most people on the piano because of an abnormal tendency to play everything in D Major. Our repertoire was nearly finished when Pam addressed the group in a less than friendly tone.

'Afforient,' if you are interested, is the state of being disoriented, or wandering, as one does over field and fountain, moor and mountain

"If anybody's being funny around here, they just can just stop it right now."

There was a blank silence. Long blue eyes met wide black eyes without the glimmer of a twinkle. Pam waited a minute, then she said: "Mother, let's start over, and I'll take the piano while you come out here and listen. There's something peculiar going on. Now listen *carefully*."

I listened carefully, and it was then I decided my children are either not quite bright enough to live, or else they are too gay to bear.

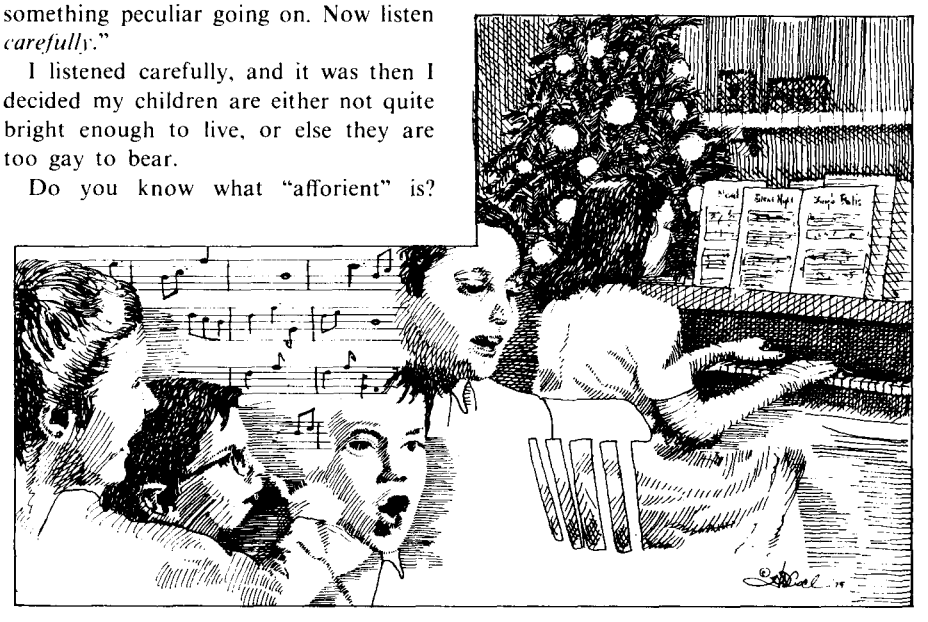
Do you know what "afforient" is? Neither did I till I heard Priscilla, who is 15 and who should know better, sweetly warble that she three kings afforient were, and I asked her. "Afforient," if you are interested, is the state of being disoriented, or wandering, as one does over field and fountain, moor and mountain.

And has anybody ever wondered where the Ranger is on Christmas Eve? Has anyone, for that matter, ever given a single thought to the Ranger on Christmas Eve? Well, Betsey Heath has. "*Away* is the Ranger," she will inform you, if you listen carefully. And obviously, he is away because there is no crib for his bed. After all, why should the Ranger stick around *here*, when he hasn't even got a crib much less a bed for Pete's sake!

Janet, canny little Janet, all of whose sins are premeditated and blatant, sang exactly what she intended to sing. *"No L, No L, the angels did say."* It was a matter of the angels' alphabet, she explained to me a little tiredly. "A B C D E F G H I J K M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z. No L, *get it, Mother, No L!*" I eyed her suspiciously, because more humor in the family we do not need, but I let it pass.

Jennifer settled my next problem, which had to do with the angels. Do you know how the angel of the Lord shone around? He shone around in a glowy manner, that's how. While shepherds watch'd their flock by night, she explained, the angel of the Lord came and glowy showed around. How else?

Have you ever wondered, in the long



* Above all, every word was to be as *clear* as a *bell*. Pam even taught us a little song: *"Whether you whisper soft, or whether you loudly call, distinctly, distinctly speak. Or do not speak at all."* Whose melody we assimilated rather more quickly than its meaning.

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watches of the night, what Child is this Who laid to rest on Mary's lap is sleeping? Well, it is the Child Whom angels greet with Ann the Sweet, while shepherds' watches keeping. Well, St. Ann was Mary's mother, certainly sweet and probably dead, argued Alison. Why *wouldn't* she be with the angels? As for the shepherds, what with their setting off for Bethlehem, well known for its good and bad thieves, keeping their watches was a very friendly gesture on the part of the angels. Ann the Sweet probably thought of it.

Some of them were taking an individual called "Good Heed" to the angels' ward, many of them with the jellied toast proclaiming; though all of them sang the Coventry Carol, twenty of whose 28 words are "Lully, lully," absolutely correctly.

If anyone is interested in the geography of Bethlehem, I can tell you categorically that it lies on the seashore, just below the town of Dul. We know it is *below* Dul because the carol states very clearly that Bethlehem is what in Dul you see *below* (sometimes written *in dulci jubilo*), and we know it is on the sea because among the deep in dreamless sleep the silent stars go by, so that had to be the stars' *reflection*, see, Mother? Because they couldn't very well *shine* among the deep, could they, Mother?

This is the kind of thing that happens when your children get B2 in Reasoning Ability and C4 in Independent Reading.

The older children, to give credit where credit is due, made their misinterpretations on a far loftier level. Leaving history and geography to their younger siblings, Pam and Jim simply revised the Christian religion.

Pam, even Pam, kept announcing in her clear, sweet contralto that God and sin are reconciled; but she realized immediately, when it was pointed out to her, that God was far more likely to reconcile Himself to sinners than to sin, even if the book hadn't said so, which it had.

Jim had to argue a little. He was the one who kept urging the shepherds to leave their "you's" and leave their "am's" and rise up, shepherds, and follow.

"What in Heaven's name is this about you's and am's?" I asked him.

"Oh-h-h, rejection of personality, denial of self," said Jim grandly. "Practically the central thesis of Christian theology."

"Of course, *I* don't go to a Catholic college, but *I* think that's Communist theory, not Christian theology," I told him. "In any case, could you come down from those philosophic heights and join us shepherds down here with our ewes (female sheep) and rams (male sheep)?"

"If you insist," said Jim, with the impudent grin of the 21-year-old whose dear mother is incontrovertibly in the right, and besides, it's right down there in black and white.

But I was too weary to go on. "Children," I said. "Let's just do one song absolutely *perfectly*. Let's concentrate on 'Silent Night,' because that's the one we know best anyway. Pam and Priscilla can do the alto, John can do the descant, the rest of you just sing nice and softly, and, Buckley, I don't want to hear one single *note* below middle C."

They lined up, looking very clean and handsome and holy, Jim and John at the back, Timothy and Janet on either side of Pam at the piano, and the middle echelon sensibly and unquarrelsomely distributed in the middle according to heights. *Just like the Trapp Family*, I thought to myself happily. Pam turned and gave them all a long and, I hoped, extremely stern look, before she turned to play the opening measures.

"Silent night, holy night," nine young voices chanted softly, and I noticed Jennifer and Betsey beginning to break up in twinkles and dimples. *"All is calm, all is bright,"* they went on, John's recorder piping low and clear. Buckley and Alison clapped their hands briefly over their mouths. *"Round John Virgin, Mother and Child,"* the chorus swelled sweetly, and I rapped hard on the piano. "Just *who*," I asked, in my most restrained voice, "is Round John Virgin?"

"One of the 12 opossums," the ten young voices answered promptly, and they collapsed over the piano, from the piano bench onto the floor, convulsed by their own delicate wit.

And that's why we didn't have *this* year's Christmas carol program. □

'Just who,' I asked, in my most restrained voice, 'is Round John Virgin?' 'One of the 12 opossums,' the ten young voices answered promptly, and they collapsed over the piano

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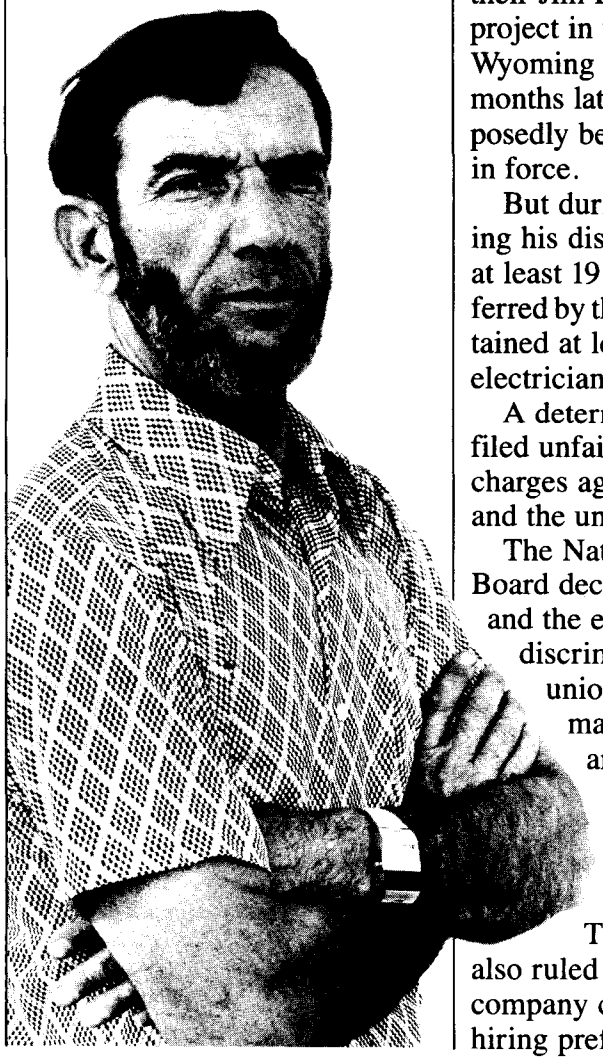
Job Discrimination... It Still Exists.

Paul Robertson is not a member of a persecuted minority. But he has experienced blatant discrimination all the same because he has chosen not to join a union.

Paul Robertson is a working man, a skilled licensed electrician with more than 20 years experience. He found out the hard way how a big company and a big union can discriminate on the job.



Paul was hired by the Bechtel Power Corporation to work on their Jim Bridger Power Plant project in the Rock Springs, Wyoming area. Only three months later, he was fired, supposedly because of a reduction in force.

But during the week preceding his discharge, Bechtel hired at least 19 union electricians referred by the local union and retained at least 65 unlicensed electricians.

A determined Paul Robertson filed unfair labor practice charges against the company and the union.

The National Labor Relations Board declared that the union and the employer had illegally discriminated in hiring only union members for permanent jobs. Robertson and the other nonunion electricians were ordered reinstated to their jobs with back pay.

The NLRB, however, also ruled that the union and the company could continue to give hiring preference to workers with seniority in unionized jobs. The ruling threatened nonunion workers.

Paul Robertson didn't give up. With the help of the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation, he appealed the Board ruling to the U.S. Court of Appeals, arguing that any hiring hall favoritism should be unlawful. Finally, in May of 1979, the Appeals Court handed him a clear victory, reversing the NLRB.

Paul Robertson was fortunate. He found experienced legal help—all important because the case dragged on for four years before the Appeals Court finally forced the union to heed the law.

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation is helping everyone it can—currently in more than 100 cases involving academic and political freedom, protection from union violence, and other fundamental rights. But it would like to do even more.

If you'd like to help workers like Paul Robertson write:

The National Right to Work
Legal Defense Foundation
8316 Arlington Boulevard
Suite 600
Fairfax, Virginia 22038

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HENRY F. REGNERY

A Brief Encounter

JULIANA GERAN PILON

AMERICAN BOOKSELLERS' Association, 1978, Atlanta. *The Eye of the Needle, #1* . . . A good phrase to put on a T-shirt. I'm tempted to buy the book just thinking about those words: the eye of the needle, the needle in the eye . . . As I blink I realize how sore my own eyes are from scanning titles and faces, sore from the violet of neon lamps designed to attack the retina surreptitiously, insidiously, with needles indifferent to the organic needs of delicate tissue. We are all here in a kind of intellectual orgy, a spring festival of spiritual initiation, to celebrate the new crop of words. As I open my eyes I realize the noise and lights are but the residue of distilled hope: so many books all competing for an audience, appealing to the best in us all, that sense of divine—if usually prurient—curiosity, so easily seduced by cheap hype. A *Playboy* tote bag, free cookies, a jump rope, a T-shirt: the stuff of which the fair is made, catering to the vulnerable in each of us purported aristocrats, that elite 5 per cent of Americans who consume literary merchandise.

I return to my booth. I am representing—actually, co-representing with David Franke and Anne Lawrason—Liberty Press, which is reprinting some fine old classics of libertarian conservatism—an uneasy hybrid. David is talking to a tall young gentleman. Before I am even introduced, I have the distinct feeling that I have known him for a long time, and I haven't the slightest doubt as to who he is: Henry F. Regnery, the son of the distinguished publisher. As I approach, he smiles at me—a smile that will somehow stay with him even when his countenance turns serious; a kind of sunshine. David introduces us, then leaves us by ourselves.

I don't know whether he started the conversation or whether I did; it was as if we both spoke at once, through each other's words, softly, almost below the threshold of sound, as if each of us already knew what the other would say. Perhaps it was a reaction to the surrounding bedlam, the barely masked hysteria of the idea-peddlers. Calm, almost detached, Henry talked about books and the pursuit of freedom—not with a capital "p" and capital "f," nor in so many words, but so I recall his subject. We talked about books by Russian dissidents; the impact of Solzhenitsyn; writing about Israel; capturing the attention of the liberal media. But again, his meaning was mostly implicit, his concerns neither partisan nor ideological, neither commercial nor petty.

We were both standing as the minutes passed by. My legs ached, for I had been walking around all morning, indulging in a hopeless addiction: title watching, the masochistic realization of all I would not live to read. And yet neither of us chose to sit, as if we sensed that our meeting was too important. Important for whom? Not for the ABA; next to, say, Avon Books, Regnery/Gateway is a speck. Next to, say, Erica Jong, I am a mere would-be scribbler. But as we stood by the Liberty Press booth we both perhaps felt, however unconsciously, that we represented a little conspiracy: Henry and I were two of those radicals who repudiate the name. Two of those who not only read *The New York Review of Books* but deplore it. Or maybe are just amused by it.

Henry F. Regnery

I was reluctant to tell him about my own manuscript, fearing to turn the conversation into another business transaction of the kind that was all around us, another sales pitch couched in euphemism. Yet as soon as I mention it, Henry's eyes light up: a journal of childhood memories, a return to my native Rumania, the contrast of two societies. He would love to read it. I tell him that right now the book is in the hands of a prominent agent in New York and that I expect her to place it with one of the "big" publishers. Henry wishes me the very best of luck with it, but tells me that if need be he will certainly look at the book himself, for Gateway. As he leaves and shakes my hand gently, a mere touch, I am tempted to give him my book right away: it was written for someone like him, someone quiet and warm, an American who understands.

All Worth It

I didn't hear from the agent for several months. This seemed strange, since she had asked to handle the manuscript—having written, when it had been brought to her attention, with a vaguely disingenuous exuberance not untypical of her profession. Now it seemed that she had become indifferent to the whole thing. Someone who was in the know speculated that it was mere caprice: she often loves something at first, then decides she has too much else to do. Caprice—and the stories lie unread. Stories of my friends, victims of a regime that doesn't have room for them. Stories of gentle grandparents who fell between the cracks of history. It doesn't seem to me that I have the *right* to wait. Since she never returns my calls, I go to New York to try to see what's wrong. Her secretary says she isn't in, but that the manuscript has been returned. The book does indeed arrive in Atlanta a week later, with a letter saying that she still likes it very much but has no time to handle it. It had not been shown to any publisher.

I sent the book to Henry immediately—almost relieved. It is a book for him to print. He answers a few days later—

(Continues on page 56)

Mrs. Pilon's book, just published by Regnery/Gateway, is Notes from the Other Side of Night.

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SHEDDING LIGHT ON DARK GOVERNMENT PRACTICES

BOISE, Idaho—Boise's downtown needed revitalization and the city council was pushing a renewal plan created by a council-chosen developer.

The council refused to provide a forum for a community discussion of a second renewal plan that had some public support.

The council simply closed the door on public discussion.

The Idaho Statesman, a Gannett newspaper, provided the forum through two town meetings which attracted 1,600 people.

The meetings led to formation of citizen advisory committees, and to a revised plan incorporating some of the best aspects of both proposals.

The citizens of Boise exercised their right to participate in shaping the future of their city.

At Gannett, we support and encourage such efforts as those of The Idaho Statesman to develop community discussion.

They symbolize our proudest goals: professional excellence in news coverage and total commitment to strong, independent service to the community.

At Gannett, we have a commitment to freedom in every business we're in, whether it's newspaper, television, radio, outdoor advertising or public opinion research.

And so from Oakland to Oklahoma City, from Binghamton to Battle Creek, every Gannett newspaper, every television and radio station is free to express its own opinions. Each is free to serve the best interests of its own community in its own way.

Gannett

A World Of Different Voices Where Freedom Speaks

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The Battle of the Boob-Tube

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

WHEN SOME PEOPLE learn that no television set is tolerated in our tall house, they inquire, wondering, "But what do you do about your daughters?" And we reply, "We give them tools." "What kind of tools?" "Why, tools called books."

Occasionally TV has reared its ugly head even at Piety Hill. Clinton Wallace, our hobo butler, was permitted to keep a well-worn portable TV in his room. This I thrust into the cellar the day we buried Clinton.

Some months thereafter, on returning home late at night, I saw lights burning in every room, but encountered no living soul: very like the mystery of the derelict *Marie Celeste*. At length I penetrated to a remote cellar, and there I found my spouse and all our household huddled round the forbidden TV, watching the late news. I dispersed them wrathfully. Then, taking a pair of powerful wire-cutters, I did quite a bit of damage to the set, and flung portions of it into trash cans.

In the fullness of time, nevertheless, one of the Ethiopians who dwell with us, young Sahle Selassie Makonnen, secretly repaired the mutilated thing and installed it in his room—which did not improve his collegiate studies. When I was about to confiscate this shabby article of contraband, it vanished again. Presently a secret agent informed me that our eldest daughter, Monica, aged almost 12, somehow had contrived to get the set to the topmost room of the foretower of our Italianate house, and there sometimes was actually turning it on.

Monica being out of the house when I learned this, I climbed the ladder to the top of the foretower, with some difficulty opened a small octagonal window, and flung the accursed set to its destruction. To my chagrin the confounded thing caught in a gutter, and there hung like Mahomet's coffin, invisible from most points of view.

Yet wondrous to relate, our housekeeper, Mae Cole, descried the suspended television; and the strong-willed Annette, my wife, sent the stalwart Keith Bower, my assistant, scrambling over roofs to retrieve it. At my stern command, Keith has immured the set in the crawl-space under the front portion of his cottage; and there may it rest until the Last Trump. Monica thinks her parents very odd, particularly in their attitude toward television. Once she inquired why I couldn't be like other dads, who "get a six-pack and sit down to watch the game on TV."

The laments of our daughters are muted, for they read; and there has been imparted to them the dogma that good books wake the imagination and that nearly all television programs dull or pervert the imagination. They are well satisfied when provided with lively books, especially books with pictures. And I don't mean books from the school library or the public library; rather, one's own books, hundreds of them, thousands of them, children's books that one never encounters in the typical school or public library.

Books for a Buck

How do we afford thousands of books for our small daughters? Simple: one can acquire a whole library of young folks' handsome books for less than the cost of a color television machine. How? Why, turn to the remainder counters of bookshops, and to the catalogues of the remainder mail-houses.

In the college town of Mount Pleasant the other day, having an idle quarter of an hour, I bought a large bag full of new books (many of them remaindered) for my daughters; I could barely lug them to the car. Many of these books cost less than a dollar, and none as much as two dollars; all were in pristine condition, all well written (some by well-known professional authors) and handsomely illustrated. I offer below an inventory of this loot.

Pamela Pollack, *Moonbeam Fairy Tales* (with Victorian colored pictures); Douglas Liversidge, *Ignatius of Loyola*; Norah Lofts, *Rupert Hatton's Story* (set in the seventeenth century); Bernagh Brims, *Runaway Riders* (Belfast to Dublin); Bernice Kohn, *The Bat Book* (appropriate for our house, which has its belfry); Mary Treadgold, *The Polly Harris* (on London's waterside); Jennifer Westwood, *Tales and Legends* (of medieval times); Aylmer Hall, *Beware of Moonlight* (set in eighteenth century Ireland); Margery Greenleaf, *Banner over Me* (the Norman Conquest); Helene Conway, *The End Is the Beginning* (Maryland at the beginning of the eighteenth century); Antonio Jimenez-Landi, *The Treasure of the Muleteer and Other Spanish Tales*; Mesfin Habte-Mariam, *The Rich Man and the Singer: Folktales from Ethiopia*; Richard Suskind, *The Crusader King: Richard the Lionhearted*; Henry James, *The Jolly Corner and The Real Thing* (this last, it must be admitted, is a handsome, slim illustrated volume for myself).

A List of Good Books

Perhaps you desire lists of good books for the rising generation. If so, your want is readily supplied, at no charge. I have prepared for the organization called America's Future several pamphlets which cover the field: "Books for Small Children," "Humane Literature for Young Readers," "Books for the Middle Years of Schooling," "Humane Literature in High Schools," "Teaching History to the Rising Generation," and "Books for Orientation." You can obtain any or all of these, gratis, by writing to America's Future, Inc., 542 Main Street, New Rochelle, New York 10801.

Once well into interesting books, the intelligent boy or girl won't yearn for the boob-tube. And to those of the rising generation who have been spared the degradation of TV will belong the dawning age. For book-readers acquire powers of reason and imagination; while screen-viewers prepare themselves for followership. □

Mr. Kirk is the author of many books; the most recent include: Decadence and Renewal in the Higher Education*;* The Princess of All Lands*; and* Lord of the Hollow Dark.

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ALL ABOUT SALT...

NOW IN ONE HANDY BOOK FROM AEI

"Few diplomatic undertakings have attracted as much public attention, or elicited as emotional a response from both policy makers and non-governmental observers, as have the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks (SALT). Since November 17, 1969, the United States and the Soviet Union have been engaged in a series of negotiations whose consequences may well determine the course of superpower relations and the prospects for peace into the next century."

So writes Robert J. Pranger, Director of Defense and Foreign Policy Studies at the American Enterprise Institute for Public Policy Research, in his introduction to AEI's newly-published *SALT Handbook.*

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The volume includes the texts of treaties and agreements, as well as the statements and congressional testimony of Presidents Ford and Carter; General Secretary Brezhnev; Secretaries of State Rogers, Kissinger, and Vance; Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko; Secretaries of Defense Laird, Schlesinger, and Brown; ACDA Directors Smith, Ikle, and Warnke; presidential advisor Brzezinski, and others. It also contains background essays, annotated bibliographies, a glossary, and an index.

The nearly 700 page handbook provides an essential reference for those who want to make an intelligent assessment of the current debate over the SALT II Treaty.

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An American Classic

White House Years
By Henry Kissinger
Little, Brown, 1,521 pp., $22.50

PETER P. WITONSKI

Mark Twain once defined a classic as a book that everybody wants to have read, but that nobody wants to *read*. That, unfortunately, is too often the case with those weighty "required" texts that professors delight in burdening with the seal of greatness. For my part—knowing this to be an age not much addicted to excellence, an age that flees from the classics in pursuit of more ephemeral pleasures—I have always tried to be discreet in praising *any* new book, lest my praise should prove to be its undoing. I cannot recall, for example, *ever* having declared a contemporary political memoir to be a classic; but that is because I cannot recall having read a contemporary memoir equal to Henry Kissinger's *White House Years*—a book of such massive scope and brilliant historical perspective that it can be justly described only as a classic. It is, however, more than a mere memoir; it is a work of profound historical significance. "The only good histories," Montaigne has reminded us, "are those written by individuals who had command in the events they describe."

One of Mr. Kissinger's critics has recently described his book as being anachronistic. If there is any truth to the charge, it is not a truth that the former Secretary of State need be ashamed of, for he has written the kind of memoir that an earlier age took for granted—the kind of book Montaigne, for example, might have expected from a civil servant of Kissinger's stature. I mention all of this because I have become somewhat suspicious of the political memoirs that regularly cross my desk. Our public men are not especially known for their literacy, although in recent years a goodly number of them have become afflicted with a kind of *furor scribendi* that has sent them scurrying into the lower depths of Grub Street in search of ghostwriters capable of rendering their thoughts and experiences sufficiently coherent for publication.

In this context, Henry Kissinger's memoirs take on an added luster. They remind us, as the memoirs of de Gaulle, Churchill, Macmillan, and Acheson reminded us, that we have much to learn about the history of our times from the men "who had command in the events they describe." More immediately, they may serve to demolish, at least partially, the "atmosphere of accredited mendacity" (to borrow a phrase from Lord Acton) which Kissinger's critics on both the far Left and the far Right have struggled to create. In particular, they may well enable American conservatives—many of whom have been extremely critical of Kissinger's policies—to understand and, perhaps, to sympathize with him; because *White House Years* is a very conservative book, a book that is suffused with the kind of patriotism many Americans dismissed in the days before the Ayatollah Khomeini reawakened them to it. Kissinger's is a patriotism that is a product, in part, of his childhood experiences in Nazi Germany, experiences that have doubtless contributed to his deep appreciation and understanding of American values. None of this, I hasten to add, will assuage the fury of his critics on the Left, whose criticism grows more personal and vindictive every day.

The only book I can compare the Kissinger memoirs to is Acheson's *Present at the Creation*. But Acheson, who initially had not planned to write his memoirs, did not get around to recording his memories until long after the events they recalled had taken place, and so he lost much of the immediacy that Kissinger, writing while the events described are still fresh, has managed to retain. Like Acheson's memoirs, *White House Years* is brilliant contemporary history; but it is also a treatise on statecraft, an art form in which Kissinger dwarfed his predecessor. At its best it can be read as a kind of handbook, in the Machiavellian tradition, that tells us not only *what* its author did during his first four years as Nixon's top foreign policy advisor, but *why* and *how* he did what he did when he did. I can think of no other modern book in which the dynamics of geopolitical conduct and thinking are so painstakingly and so artfully displayed for the general reader. We are reminded again that no other recent Secretary of State has come to the job with so great an understanding of the real world and of its complex political and intellectual history.

Kissinger is an empiricist, in much the same way that the great nineteenth century Tory Prime Minister Lord Salisbury was an empiricist. I believe that much of the conservative complaint against him—a complaint, I hasten to add, that I have on occasion fully shared—can be traced to this fact. In many ways I find it odd that he never

Peter P. Witonski *is writing a book on corporate government for the Smith Richardson Foundation.*

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wrote on the subject of Salisbury, since the two men's philosophies—or, should I say, their approaches to public policy—are so similar. However, the two central figures of Kissinger's early work, *A World Restored*, Viscount Castlereagh and Clemens von Metternich, were conservative empiricists in the grand tradition. The same might be said of Otto von Bismarck, about whom Kissinger once wrote a celebrated essay and whom he quotes to great effect in the current volume. All these men had one thing in common, and it was a sentiment quite alien to the essentially optimistic nature of American conservatism: they were profoundly pessimistic about the very things they most wished to conserve. Castlereagh and Metternich were, like Burke, men devoted to the values of the *Ancien Regime*, yet they plainly despaired for its future. They behaved the way they did at the Congress of Vienna in part because they had more faith in a *modified or improved* Jacobinism than they did in their own ideology. Many look upon the hundred years of peace they laid the foundation for as a great achievement, but the most ardent of their nineteenth century critics dismissed them as crypto-Jacobins or worse.

SINCE World War II there have been many such examples of what might be called acquiescent conservatism. As recently as 1964, for example, British Conservatives argued that socialism was inevitable and should, therefore, be encouraged—provided that it was modified by a Tory government. General de Gaulle, although a champion of Western civilization, had so little faith in the West's future that he destroyed the French Right and tried—in the name of good relations with the Soviet Union—to destroy NATO as well. The belief that Tory socialism might be better than Labor socialism, that Gaullist Marxism might be better than Moscow Marxism—such myths are the stuff of acquiescent conservatism. In the past, whenever I criticized Kissinger I did so on the ground that, because he shared some of the empiricism of a school of conservatism I have never much admired, he might share its acquiescent nature as well.

It is clear to me now, having read his memoirs, that I was deeply mistaken about Henry Kissinger. He was, in many ways, the toughest and least acquiescent member of the two Admin-

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE JANUARY TITLES: William L. Shirer's latest book is *Gandhi: A Memoir* (Simon & Schuster, $12.95). Shirer became personally acquainted with Gandhi in 1931 when, as a foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*, he was sent by the paper to India. . . . Carl E. Schorske's *Fin-de-Siècle Vienna: Politics and Culture* (Knopf, $15.95) is well worth reading. His subject is the transmutation of liberal bourgeois values into the deracinated ahistoricism and rebelliousness that we have come to think of as modernism. Vienna, Schorske believes, can be said in a sense to have invented this modernism. At any rate, here are seven most interesting essays. . . . Mitchell S. Ross, author of *The Literary Politicians*, is coming out with a slim and highly readable volume on the state of the union titled *Invitation to Our Times* (Doubleday, $8.95). . . . In *Roots of Crime* (Nellen, $10), Thomas O. Marsh, formerly police chief of Fairfield, Ohio, argues for a biophysical explanation of criminal behavior.

■ MADE IN U.S.A.: Dore Schary, from 1948 to 1956 the head of MGM and a man of whom it may be said that he almost singlehandedly made Joe McCarthy a historical necessity, is publishing *Heyday: An Autobiography* (Little, Brown, $12.95). . . . Mark Lane, the People's Temple lawyer who got out of Jonestown while the going was good and has been running around the U.S. ever since, turning his James Jones connection into gold, has written a book about the Jonestown affair called *The Strongest Poison* (Hawthorn, $12.95). He continues to regard Jones's work as a noble experiment. . . . *High Culture: Marijuana in the Lives of Americans* (Knopf, $6.95; hard-cover $12.95), by William Novak, represents the cullings from interviews with three-hundred-odd dopeheads. . . . Ferdinand Lundberg, author of *The Rich and the Super-Rich*, takes on the American system of government in *Cracks in the Constitution* (Lyle Stuart, $15). The Constitutional Convention, he argues, was attended largely by members of assembled Faulknerian courthouse gangs drawn from the 13 colonies, who proceeded to saddle the Republic with a plan of government providing the governors with "unlimited power" and a handy device for keeping the national wealth in the hands of plutocrats. The book reads as if it had been written by a Snopes. —CW

istrations he served. Indeed, some of his most searing portrayals are reserved for those lacking in resolve in our recent history—for Mel Laird (who emerges as the Nixon Administration's most levantine operator and opportunistic dove), McGeorge Bundy (a Stimsonian conservative whose fashionable instincts ultimately triumphed over his less fashionable hawkish passions), and, indeed, a substantial portion of the intellectual community—and clearly the Kissinger of today is even less willing to falter than the Kissinger of 1969. Had he served a more conservative President than Richard Nixon, and had he been preceded in office by a more competent group of decision-makers than the foreign-policy advisors to Presidents Kennedy and Johnson, he doubtless would have proved more satisfactory to American conservatives. He reminds us that it is, however, far easier to pontificate on principles when one is outside public life than it is when one actually has—like Kissinger himself—to help to direct American foreign policy.

Kissinger learned the difference between commenting upon foreign policy and actually being deeply involved in it quickly, after leaving Harvard late in 1968. "It was no longer enough," he writes, "to be plausible in argument; one had to be convincing in action. Problems were no longer theoretical; the interlocutors were not debaters but sovereign countries, some of which had the physical power to make their views prevail." Ideology, he discovered, can be less important than almost anything else when one is confronted with events of great magnitude whose origins pre-dated one's time in office. As a historian and political scientist he soon discovered, much to his regret, that he would not necessarily gain in wisdom from his office; on the contrary, he would have to live off such wisdom as he had acquired before coming to office. In his case he brought with him a philosophy of history derived from well over two decades of teaching and writing history.

I should note at this point that practically every American politician—including Andy Young—claims to be the progenitor of some philosophy of history. This philosophy invariably consists of little more than a quotation from Santayana on the subject of Clio's revenge, and an equally well-known remark of Lord Acton's on power. Kissinger has no use for such fatuous twaddle. He knows, he says, that history is "not a cookbook offering pretested recipes." It will not necessarily repeat itself if we ignore its "lessons," but we *can* learn from it. "[History] can illuminate the consequences of actions in comparable situations, yet each generation must discover for itself what situations are in fact comparable," he writes. When Kissinger entered office, he did so with the sense that—history to the contrary—he was about to confront problems without parallel in the past.

Many of the problems were problems that other intellectuals had failed to grasp. The late Sixties were the time of the counterculture and other nihilistic trends, and these "movements" had mingled with the antiwar movement to create a formidable challenge to the American ethos. Certainly, foreign policy would have to be conducted so as to take account of this powerful political force. When Kissinger went to work for Richard Nixon, he "broke ranks" with the intellectual establishment, and by so doing became its target. The extent to which this was true can be appreciated fully only by people who were on college campuses during the early 1970s, when it was customary to depict Kissinger as a war criminal. Norman Podhoretz has recently surveyed this period in a memoir that might have been better called *The Treason of the Intellectuals Revisited.* Like Kissinger, Podhoretz has learned how to be cool in dealing with society's enemies, and, in that sense, their books complement each other.

The man who is both an intellectual and an activist must learn how to make certain fundamental compromises. He can defend his values, but he does not have the privilege of clinging to them absolutely. During the Sixties and Seventies, Kissinger notes, his critics had the "advantage" of dealing in absolutes; they knew what was right and what was wrong and they wished to discuss the matter no further. As a politician he was often forced to compromise, to retreat to a kind of twilight zone where things became somewhat less black-and-

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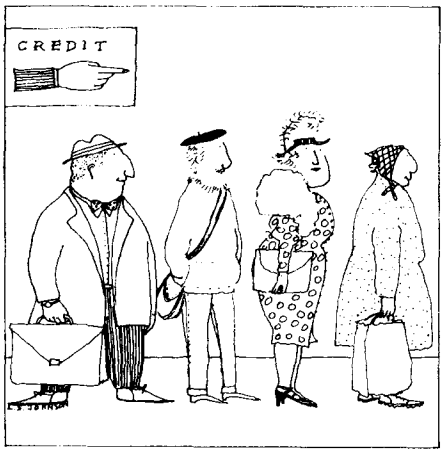
white. Quite often, he observes, the politician is forced to walk slowly toward a goal he would prefer to rush at; he must, on occasion, take "any partial step," however inherently imperfect it may be, so as to at least approximate that for which he was aiming. "The philosopher's test," he concludes,

> is the reasoning behind his maxims; the statesman's test is not only the exaltation of his goals but the catastrophe he averts. Mankind will never know what it was spared because of risks avoided or because of actions taken that averted awful consequences—if only because once thwarted the consequences can never be proved. The dialogue between the academic and the statesman is therefore always likely to be inconclusive. Without philosophy, policy will have no standards; but without the willingness to peer into darkness and risk some faltering steps without certainty, humanity would never know peace.

Kissinger reached high office at one of the most inauspicious moments in American history. The means through which he did so, the election of Richard Nixon, was itself a manifestation of the times. The nation was in turmoil; its once boundless confidence—a confidence that is nowhere better proclaimed than in John F. Kennedy's inaugural address—had waned dramatically, driving the once popular President Johnson from office. Kissinger knew political decisions would have to be made within the situation that the Nixon Administration had inherited. There were now checks and limits on American power that had not been there in 1964. Domestic unrest and a war which Kissinger concluded we could not win had created an atmosphere that caused many people to question our nation's most basic values. Kissinger's most immediate problem—a problem which was a direct result of our lack of confidence in ourselves and our values—was the new isolationism that had become so fashionable both on the Left and in the political Establishment as a whole.

THE OLD isolationism of the 1920s, Kissinger reminds us, was predicated on the assumption that America was too good for the rest of the world; the isolationism of the 1960s held that we were too evil for it. There were even those who argued that the Soviet Union was the innocent victim of American imperialism; that the cold war had been fomented by an insidious entity called "Amerika." These arguments were heard



even in the corridors of the Establishment; and even after the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia people who ought to have known better chanted the slogan "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh" through the streets of America.

Kissinger saw Vietnam not as the cause of, but as a metaphor for, America's declining self-confidence. The late 1960s were the beginning of a painful period of transition, a period that would force us to adjust to a new role in global affairs; we "were being forced to come to grips with the tension between our history and our necessities." From the beginnings of the American Republic, he writes,

> America's participation in the world seemed to oscillate between over-involvement and withdrawal, between expecting too much of our power and being ashamed of it, between optimistic exuberance and frustration with the ambiguities of an imperfect world. I was convinced that the deepest cause of our national unease was the realization—as yet dimly perceived—that we were becoming like other nations in the need to recognize that our power, while vast, had limits. Our resources were no longer infinite in relation to our problems.

Like Lord Bryce, who wrote in *The American Commonwealth* that America was no longer sailing on a "summer sea," that she was heading for "a time of mists and shadows, where dangers may be concealed whose form and magnitude she can scarcely conjecture," Kissinger saw us moving into an era for which history and our summer sailing had ill prepared us.

Unlike most of his contemporaries, Kissinger the historian could see beyond Vietnam. "We faced," he writes, "not only the dislocations of war but the need to articulate a new foreign policy. . . . Sooner or later the Vietnam War would end. . . . Could we shape a new consensus that could reconcile our idealism and our responsibilities, our security and our values, our dreams and our possibilities?" Unfortunately, with the election of Jimmy Carter, many of the people who played so irresponsible a role during the Vietnam War period actually found themselves placed in key foreign-policy-making positions. The great damage they have inflicted upon our nation's strength is apparent every day in the new headlines. Hardly a sane American does not hanker to have Kissinger back at the State Department.

BUT THIS leads to another point, which Kissinger has dealt with only briefly in the current volume. Conservatives may not love him, but the Left hates him with a passion bordering on the irrational. Although we live in a country that prides itself on its regard for academic freedom, Kissinger was prevented from taking a chair at Columbia because of objections from the faculty and student Left. There are probably several major American universities where the remnants of the so-called New Left would prevent him from speaking freely. Last year the Left—along with a substantial portion of the liberal community—greeted William Shawcross's *Sideshow* with near-adulatory praise. The book, which is in fact a vicious attack upon the United States, contained the usual anti-Kissinger litany. Although its research has been questioned by serious scholars, it continues to be cited by less demanding readers who see it as a club with which to batter Kissinger. There are some who argue—using Shawcross as a primary source—that the atrocities perpetrated first by Pol Pot and his army of sadists, and then by the North Vietnamese, ought to be attributed to Henry Kissinger and his "secret war."

I am frankly less interested in Shawcross's charges than I am in their reception by people who ought to know better. As Kissinger rightly declares, "Hanoi's insatiable quest for hegemony—not America's hesitant and ambivalent response—is the root cause of Cambodia's ordeal." If anything, our bombing of the Vietnamese sanctuaries in Cambodia served to grant that tragic nation a few more years of relative freedom. "From an insatiable national masochism," he writes, "there sprang the folklore that American decisions triggered the Cambodian nightmare, and the

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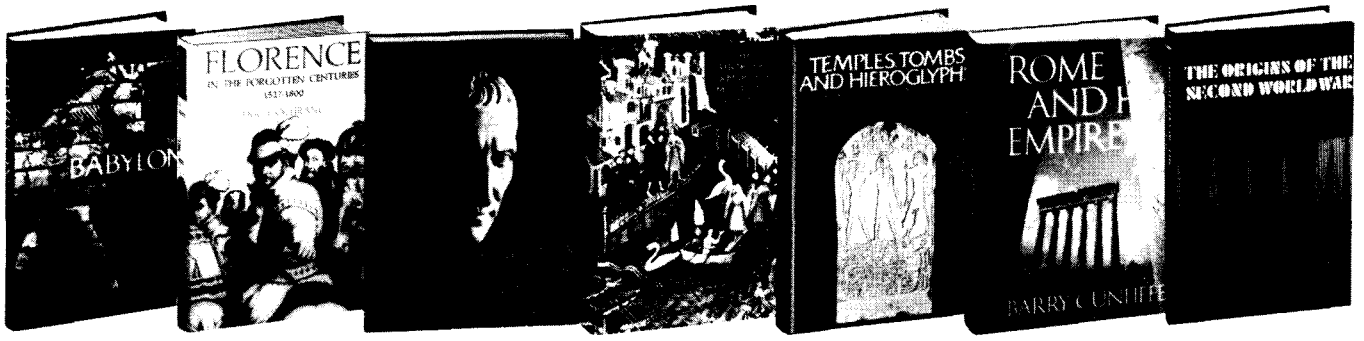

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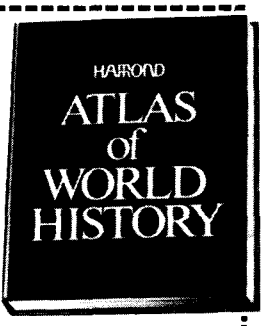

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myth survives even today when the Vietnamese, without excuse or provocation but with barely a whimper of world protest, have finally fulfilled the ambition of conquering the whole of Indochina." Such statements will not satisfy the David Frosts of this world, but it was not Kissinger's purpose to write an *apologia* for the decisions he contributed to.

I have not said much about Kissinger's portraits of the great men he dealt with in the course of his first four years in office. Suffice it to say that they are brilliant. The portrayal of Richard Nixon is, I must confess, the most devastating I have read. There is nothing in Woodward and Bernstein to compare with it. He is equally good on his colleagues in the Nixon Administration. As for his descriptions of world leaders, I was particularly fascinated by his account of his meetings with de Gaulle, who warned Kissinger never to trust the Germans entirely. His discussion of Chou En-lai verges on hagiography, and no doubt some will wonder what he might have made of Stalin (who could be equally fascinating). The book, as I have said, is a splendid piece of history, but it is more important for its insights into the conduct of foreign policy in general. I suspect that it will become a standard text that will be used for many years to come.

ULTIMATELY, I fear, *White House Years* will receive the dusty *imprimatur* of the gerund-grinders; but such an honor ought not to prevent people from reading it. I came away from it still disagreeing with SALT I and some of the other gestures Kissinger engineered in the name of detente with Russia; but I also came away from it with an appreciation of Kissinger I did not have initially. He has written one of the most profoundly *American* memoirs I have ever read; and he emerges from its pages as a man far more deeply committed to the ideals of the West than I had imagined. I have called him a conservative, knowing that conservatives have not always been pleased with him, knowing that my brothers have shared many of my doubts about detente and other issues. Conservatives may continue to disagree with some of the policies Kissinger followed in the White House, but they should not doubt the vigor of the conservatism manifested both in this book and in most of Kissinger's recent pronouncements. He is not merely a conservative in some vague and general sense of the word; he is an *American* conservative, and that, I suspect, is what his critics most abhor about him. □

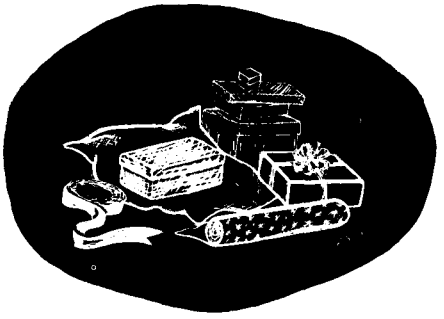
ART

SCHWARZENEGGER XMAS

RUTH BERENSON

Muscle-man Arnold Schwarzenegger might not detect much difference between this year's crop of Christmas gift books and those of previous seasons, but for my part they seem heftier (or am I growing feebler?) than in the past. And there does seem to be a new trend in the contents as well: fewer of them seem to be mere eye-catchers meant to dazzle rather than inform, so that he who plonks down $35 or more for an art book which can prop up the recipient's tree and impress him with how *kulturny* one is may get a lot more than he bargained for. And, after all, compared with what shoes cost these days, these books are not all that crazily dear—and they'll probably last a lot longer. Herewith a highly personal selection:

Drawing: History of an Art (Rizzoli, $75), though expensive, is still my favorite, not just because of its beautiful format and generous illustrations (390 of them, with 95 in unusually faithful color), but because it contains insights that can enhance the appreciation of even a seasoned viewer of this most direct and intimate branch of art, which Michelangelo called "the soul of all painting and the root of every science."



Jean Leymarie, Director of the French Academy in Rome, leads off with an introduction which compresses a chronological survey of drawing, from the running animals which prehistoric men drew on the walls of the Lascaux caves to the pregnant economies of Alberto Giacometti, into 22 sensitively written pages without seeming breathless. The bulk of the text, by Geneviève Monnier of the Louvre and Bernice Rose of the Museum of Modern Art, while less eloquent, is crammed full of information about the varied theories of drawing, its techniques and purposes; a whole chapter is devoted to that frequently neglected branch, architectural drawing. This is a book to read and ponder and refer to often.

A close runner-up in my affections is *An American Bestiary* (Abrams, $35) by Mary Sayre Haverstock, a marvelous compendium of animals real and fabulous—pelicans and pumas, cormorants and cats, armadillos, lions, tigers, and mice—that have populated the American art landscape since colonial times. The author contributes a knowledgeable, often wry commentary on the way Americans, native and transplanted, have viewed our native fauna; she seems to be one of the few conservationists around blessed with a sense of humor. The illustrations (198 of them, 73 in color), taken from folk art, painting, sculpture, prints, and comic strips (Snoopy girding himself to battle the Red Baron), are fun. I was especially taken with the meticulous portrait of a beady-eyed laboratory rat by Manon Cleary, and with that of the dog Nipper listening to a phonograph—the original of the famous "His Master's Voice" trademark.

THE BOOM in books about Art Nouveau and related subjects has not abated. Rizzoli is pushing architecture with *Art Nouveau Architecture*, a compilation of essays edited by Frank Russell ($65), and with paperbacks on *Hector Guimard* (best known for his Paris Métro stations) and that prodigious Catalan *Antoni Gaudi* (both $13.95), among others. They also have $7.95 paperbacks on *Tiffany*, who seems ready to dispute honors with Picasso as most-written-about-artist; the designer *Bakst*; the poster artist *Mucha*; and *The Liberty Style*, about Art Nouveau in England; as well as a handsome

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monograph on the glassmaker *Emile Gallé* ($19.95).

Symbolism (Harper & Row, $9.95), by the late Robert Goldwater, contains numerous insights which will excite those who are already somewhat familiar with this precursor of Surrealism; unfortunately the author did not live to finish it, and the black-and-white illustrations are mediocre. Abrams has a beautiful block-buster, *American Art Nouveau* ($37.50), handsomely printed with 394 illustrations, 41 in color. Many of these—the wonderful La Farge windows, for instance—will be unfamiliar to most readers. I had forgotten, if I ever knew, that the founder of the realist Ash Can School of the early 1900s, John Sloan, got his start in the '90s doing sinuous posters *à la* Aubrey Beardsley—all the rage here until Oscar Wilde's much publicized trial made prudish Americans leery of fin-de-siècle decadence. The text, while retaining traces of its origin as a PhD thesis, is full of such nuggets.

I HAD HOPED to reap a Winslow Homer harvest this year with two new studies of this quintessentially American painter, but both turned out to be somewhat disappointing. Gordon Hendricks's *The Life and Work of Winslow Homer* (Abrams, $45) has 937 illustrations, 68 in color, but its text contains little that was not better said by Lloyd Goodrich back in 1959 in a book that Mr. Hendricks carps at whenever he can dredge up a detail that Goodrich overlooked. His nit-picking concern for minutiae will discourage all but the most avid Homer scholar. Philip C. Beam's *Winslow Homer's Magazine Illustrations* (Harper & Row, $20) sums up to an attractive piece of Americana, but since it deals only with Homer's drawings for *Harper's Weekly* and other magazines, it is superseded by Hendricks, who provides a complete catalogue of Homer's drawings and paintings, plus a checklist of all his graphics. The two authors don't always agree with each other, a fact which should fuel the letters columns of scholarly journals in the near future.

Those fascinated by the Easter eggs and other *objets de fantaisie* which the jeweler Carl Fabergé made for the Czars and other rich pre-revolutionary Russians—indeed, anyone who loves small, precious gadgets—will be pleased with *Fabergé: Court Jeweler to the Czars* (Rizzoli, $35). Though the seventy black-and-white illustrations leave something to be desired, there are fifty in color which seem accurate. The text, by Archduke Geza von Habsburg-Lothringen and Alexander von Solodkoff, both of Christie's, Geneva, is informative; its discussion of Fabergé forgers—their names are apparently legion—should be useful to collectors.

Books devoted to individual artists of our own time also abound, many of them lavish in the extreme and authorized, if not authored, by their subjects. There are too many for a single reviewer to cope with, but let me mention one, *Ernst Fuchs* (Abrams, $55), which can serve as an introduction to "Fantastic Realism," a movement little known here but a potent force in Germany and Austria since 1945 when it was begun by Fuchs and his friend Friedensreich Hundertwasser. Fuchs's mastery of line and understanding of half-forgotten techniques like egg tempera and the use of resinous glazes is extraordinary. His somewhat mannered style is unashamedly eclectic, drawing on sources as far afield as Dürer, Gustave Moreau, Paul Klee, and Salvador Dali. Out of these ingredients he concocts an imagery unique to him, horrifyingly vivid, at times brutal and obscene, and, at its best, very powerful. Fuchs himself wrote the autobiographical text and designed the book; why he allowed illustrations to bleed off the page and merge with enlarged details is anyone's guess.

The title of the book *Art in Business* (Abrams, $40), by the well-known Princeton professor Sam Hunter, is misleading; the book is mainly a paean of praise and congratulation to the subject of its subtitle, the Philip Morris Company. Admittedly, Philip Morris has done a lot for art and art museums, here and abroad, since it went into the patronage business in 1967. But its experience has little significance for others. Businessmen who want to learn how to get into the act—may their numbers increase!—and learn how to set up a sensible program of art sponsorship are better advised to get in touch with the Business Committee for the Arts (1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019), which burns to enlighten them as to the possibilities.

Two final suggestions: Nostalgia buffs, especially those born and/or brought up in the Bronx, will enjoy the photographs in *The Beautiful Bronx* (Arlington House, $17.95). And Rizzoli's recently re-issued series on the history of painting, each containing around a hundred high-quality color reproductions, is a good buy ($25 hard-cover, $14.95 paperback). Subjects include Chinese, Central Asian, Arab, Egyptian, Indian, Greek, Japanese, and Persian painting; there are also two volumes on the Renaissance and one on medieval painting. Each is by a recognized authority, and a pleasure to own. □

FILM

MATURE MOVIES, HOLLYWOOD STYLE

JOHN SIMON

The most popular film currently on our screens is Blake Edwards's *10*, about an aging bachelor, George (Dudley Moore), a pop-song composer living in reasonable, if not close, harmony with Sam, his girlfriend of similarly mature years but also, unlike him, mature attitudes (Julie Andrews), and his lyric writer, a likewise aging fellow who, however, is a homosexual and has troubles with his young lover. Then George spots Jenny (Bo Derek), the perfect 11 on a scale of one to ten, and becomes intransigently infatuated with her on what turns out to be her wedding day. Through a series of intricate farcical maneuvers he manages to move into the same Mexican hotel where Jenny is honeymooning, and then, even closer, into her bed—only to discover that a featherweight brain and fly-by-night sex are a turnoff. Predictably, he ends up with Sam, who simmers downs and forgives.

The plot is simple and old, which would not matter if Edwards, who wrote as well as directed it, were not simplistic and old-hat. On the one hand, *10* attempts to be a seriocomic examination of midlife crisis, our sexual mores, and what constitutes, in the parlous new parlance, a meaningful relationship; on the other, both Moore and Edwards are farceurs for whom the

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basic unit is not the scenario but the skit, the blackout sketch, the gimmick. Hence there is not so much a plot based on the interaction and development of characters as a concatenation of funny and not so funny bits, often unrelated to the profile of the action and strung together with a looseness that courts promiscuity.

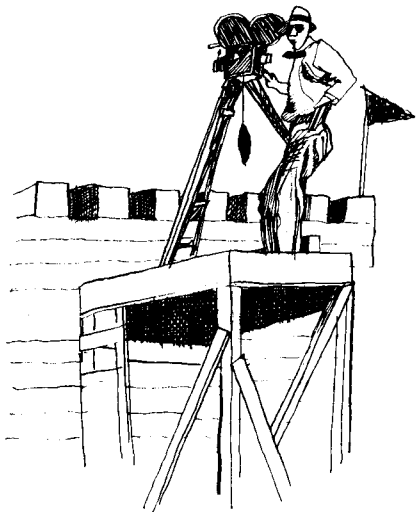
Let me explain. There is no reason for a film having a perfectly good fundamental problem and seriocomic situation to base most of its humor on such irrelevancies as George's being stung by a face-disfiguring bee during Jenny's wedding ceremony, or finding the sand at the Mexican beach too hot to walk on, or having to get four cavities filled at one excruciating swoop merely to extract one piece of information about Jenny from her dentist father. An entire scene is wasted on a meeting between George and Jenny's minister (Max Showalter, and very obvious) in order to allow the minister, a frustrated songwriter, to inflict a lengthy and heavy-handed travesty of a song on defenseless George and us. And, irrelevancy within irrelevancy, the minister's old and purblind housekeeper serves tea by bumping into the furniture and all but spilling everything. Even if such things can be funny, they are out of place here, and are invariably milked a little longer than the humor can sustain. Comedy *can* undercut comedy: a comic's patter is not helped by his dropping his pants.

There is worse. George has a neighbor who keeps throwing orgies that George watches through a telescope, only to be occasionally spied on in turn by the orgiasts. Much low-comedy footage is wasted on this subplot that is not even a subplot, only an aside; when George finally makes it over to one of these orgies, he is too self-conscious to score. But the film does not make any significant connection between this and his subsequent fiasco with Jenny, any more than it makes anything incisive out of the episode with Mary (Dee Wallace, and excellent), a tragic divorcée who adoringly goes to bed with George. When he proves impotent with her, she breaks down, blubbering about her unhappy marriage and how she jinxes all her men. It could be a touching sequence were it integrated into the story, though perhaps slightly out of keeping even then. As things stand, it is merely maudlin and gratuitous.

Equally mystifying are the semi-drunken conversations George has with the sympathetic bartender at the Mexican hotel who admires his songs. These sequences are as prolonged as they are pointless. For a while it looks as if some sort of implicit homosexuality were aimed at to balance the story of George's lyricist, but this proves not to be the case. The film is merely maundering—perhaps for some arcane autobiographical reason known only to its makers, or else to fill in gaps between the supposed comic highlights. Finally, the grand rejection of Jenny occurs for no better reason than that she has an open marriage and a rather empty head, and that the record of Ravel's "Bolero" that she uses as an aphrodisiac has come to an end and requires someone to get out of bed to restart it.

These might constitute sufficient reasons for spiritual detumescence if George were shown as having anything resembling a soul. As it is, his failure to enjoy what he wanted on terms not so different from those he had hoped for suggests either some kind of industry censorship or that Sam must win out because she is played by the director's wife. Still, if *10* were treated from beginning to end as farce, without interludes of wistfulness, mawkishness, and preachment, the anticlimax (in both senses) might work, although even then it would have to be staged with more brio than Edwards musters.

As things are, there are a few performances worth watching (albeit not that of Bo Derek—who, incidentally, though white, cornrows her hair in most unbecoming fashion), and a few good comic sequences without true comic logic. How, for example, can the inept and cowardly George manipulate a catamaran by himself and rescue Jenny's husband who is about to drown in treacherous currents? And why? Surely he would like nothing better than to console the bereaved widow in her honeymourner's bed. A self-indulgent film, this, that sacrifices comedic structure to cheap laughs and easy pathos. Yet it contains one astounding innovation: *our* Julie Andrews goes, for the first time, not exactly topless, but see-through-braless! Why, it's as if Mary Poppins burst into four-letter words!



Starting Over, which Alan J. Pakula directed from Dan Wakefield's book, is a nice idea that does not really make sense in James L. Brooks's screen adaptation with Pakula's inappropriate casting. This heavily autobiographical tale obviously concerns three homely and slatternly people, desperately undistinguished, even if they may not view themselves as such. To cast the devilishly virile Burt Reynolds as the magazine-writer and junior-college-teacher husband ditched by a glossy Candice Bergen for his boss (this part is rather fudged by the final cut that renders it almost incomprehensible) and for a show-biz career is all wrong; even Jill Clayburgh, though essentially a *jolie laide*, is probably too *jolie* for the jolly and tomboyish schoolteacher with whom, after many misunderstandings and missteps, he finally finds happiness.

Yet Clayburgh can convey a certain averageness; Reynolds and Bergen, however, are far too glamorous for the parts they are playing, and their Fifth Avenue apartment is a veritable showplace. Hence the romantic flounderings and sexual ineptitudes of the characters are quite out of sync with the performers; it is all rather like watching a film about the problems of immensely obese people enacted by a lithe, athletic cast. You end up feeling as if you had a detached retina—whatever that may be like.

Pakula's direction is adequate, but catches fire only in the two best scenes: one on a staircase to a church basement where a departing divorced-male consciousness-raising group crosses an arriving feminist consciousness-raising group, and the other an incident in a

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department store's furniture section where Reynolds starts hyperventilating while testing a connubial bed. But Brooks's screenplay is basically TV sitcom stuff and, like *10*, falls short of even the mild seriousness about man-woman relations that the film aspires to along with the laughter.

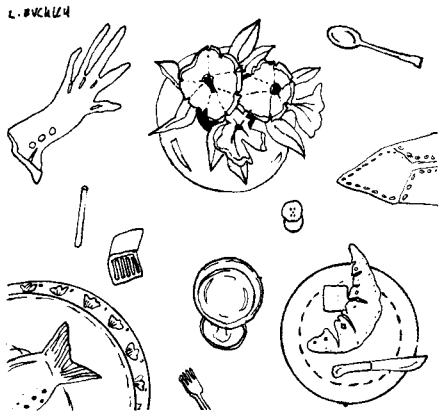
Nevertheless, Reynolds handles himself very well in an unsuitable role. Clayburgh has some juicy moments, and even Bergen is beginning to look ever so slightly less cellophane-wrapped. The minor characters, however, are pure clichés, and Sven Nykvist, Bergman's great cinematographer, here unappetizingly revels in a palette that seems to be all mauve and maroon. *Starting Over* never takes one step into realism without taking two into cuteness: a purposeful élan yields to a fussy dance. □

DELECTATIONS

LET ME ENTERTAIN YOU

NIKA HAZELTON

I've always liked to entertain, which, to me, means having people in for meals. But my attitude toward entertaining has changed in the course of my life and, I am happy to say, has become much more reasonable. When I was young, I sought perfection, with a vision of myself as an exquisitely groomed hostess—her brow serene, her movements soft, her table and food things of beauty in every detail. Now that I am no longer young, I know that this kind of perfection and serenity can be achieved only by a hostess with a large, well-trained staff. People like me, who do everything by themselves with little help, cannot be perfect. Maybe some women can, but most of them look plain silly and pretentious when they become too ambitious. If I think everything has to be perfect for guests (and I feel this way only when entertaining business clients and the like), my husband and I take them out to a good restaurant. Guests of this kind will be impressed if you spend plenty of money on them in a famous place they can brag about later. Mercifully, this does not happen to us very often. As for the rest of my guests,



I do my best and hope they will like it.

Two verities that life has taught me guide me in my entertaining. The first is that guests, however inconvenient, must be honored; the second is that one should never as a hostess wear the patient air of a tired saint. To me, the best way of honoring guests is to feed them properly, because, even if they came to the house with side thoughts (finding a mate, making connections, free advice, etc.), they also came to eat. So, in order to avoid weary saintliness, I serve food that I can prepare beforehand and that needs only a few finishing touches at serving time. I also concentrate on dishes that do not have to be eaten at a precise moment. This means no soufflés or fried foods. It also means that things like beef bourguignon, chicken fricassee, and even roasts have to be somewhat undercooked to emerge nicely when the time comes rather than coming out mush. (Yes, even stews can be overcooked.) The one vegetable that goes with the main dish (more than one is a waste, because people don't notice them unless, like asparagus, they are served as a separate course) is pureed and kept warm in a double boiler. Pureed vegetables don't fade in color and flavor, which is why so many restaurants serve them that way. Another nice method of serving vegetables—cutting them into thin strips and sauteeing them quickly so that they remain crisp—requires that they be done at the last moment, which makes this way inappropriate for dinner parties.

Recently, after a trip to France, I solved the problem of the salad. Served after the main course, a salad means new plates and forks and the consequent getting up of the hostess-waitress. The French taught me to serve it as a first course, which kills, so to speak, two birds with one stone, since first courses are a dicey proposition: dicey because they have to be light but tasty, and interesting to boot, as well as being simple to make. The salad as first course should be a little more interesting than the usual tossed salad, though one does not have to go to the length of filleting roasted duck breasts and serving them with truffles on a bed of endive (a salad I ate in France). Thus my entertaining menus are simple: a salad to start with; a main dish of meat (generally a roast) with a few potatoes or some other starch, and a vegetable; cheese, if people are devoted to it; and dessert.

One of life's axioms is never to believe people who say they don't eat dessert. With a lovely concoction such as chocolate mousse in front of them, or a roulade or cake, or other mousses, fruit tarts, or fruit desserts, 99 per cent of them will first have a soupçon and then come back for more. Chocolate is a sure-fire winner, and I usually also serve something made with fruit at the same dinner. Choice is always nice when it comes to sweets, I've found.

Always seat people, even if there are only six at the table. Never invite more than one star at one time. Remind guests by phone the day before that they have been invited. Never, but never, allow a guest to get up from the table to help you clear unless he/she has been specifically asked to do so. If you aren't firm about this your party will be a shambles because other guests, feeling guilty, also will get up. Don't delay dinner too long or your guests won't be able to make it to the table, let alone taste the food. Serve wine that is good, though not necessarily rare, and plenty of it (even a bottle per guest, but at least half a bottle). This animates people without getting them sloshed and will carry them on after the dinner, whereas too many cocktails and too little wine make for that horrid after-dinner silence/slump. Happy holidays!

Belgian Endive, Walnut, and Swiss Cheese Salad

6 servings

6 medium to large Belgian endives, trimmed, washed, and dried
1½ cups shelled walnuts, broken into ½-inch pieces
¼ pound imported Gruyère or other Swiss cheese, shredded
¼ cup minced parsley or chives

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¼ to ½ cup plain French dressing, made with white vinegar or lemon juice

Have ingredients ready but separate in refrigerator; do not cut Belgian endive until assembly time. At that point, cut endive into 1-inch rounds and scatter them over the bottom of a salad bowl. Scatter walnuts over endive and cheese over walnuts. Sprinkle parsley or chives over salad. Toss at the table.

Curly Endive, Corn, and Sweet Pepper Salad

4 to 6 servings

1 large head curly endive
1½ cups cooked fresh, canned, or frozen corn kernels, drained
1 large red sweet bell pepper

Dressing

1 medium shallot, minced
1 teaspoon prepared Dijon mustard
Juice of ½ lemon
½ cup yogurt
1 tablespoon olive oil
Salt
Freshly ground pepper

Trim endive and tear into bite-size pieces. Wash, drain, and dry endive in kitchen paper or clean kitchen towel. Wrap in dry towel and refrigerate until serving time. Place corn in small bowl, cover with plastic wrap, and refrigerate. To make the dressing, combine all the ingredients and mix thoroughly. Taste for seasoning. Dressing should be consistency of heavy cream and may have to be adjusted with a little more yogurt. Cover dressing and refrigerate. At serving time, scatter lettuce in bottom of salad bowl. Sprinkle with corn and top with pepper strips. Mix dressing again, pour over salad, and toss. □

The GIMLET EYE

SEANCE ON A SATURDAY NIGHT

D. KEITH MANO

Trina Kamp, babes, is Smilin' Jack of the Spirit World: a regular ectoplasmic air ace. Flaps up and gunning it, Trina first took off from her mortal body at age three: and a lot of solo flight-time since. At age nine, while in

some astral holding pattern, she locked wingtips with one Dr. Doran. Dr. D., understand, is a five-hundred-year-old British physician, who was then very short of earth-plane office space. The rental agreement went like this: when out doing her ethereal Immelmanns, Trina would sublet her body to Dr. D. —so that he could give group consultations all over America at $15 per consult. Soot cheap: on the other hand D.'s been practicing since 1480 or thereabouts and he's still a GP. Something fish-fragrant about that: he should at least be a specialist by now. And, anyway, how will this session look on my Blue Cross quintuplicate?

The trance circle could remind me of an obstetrician's waiting room: all women pretty much. And expectant. Intense/shy cosmic-consciousness women: the sort that stare piercingly at you —but are wall-eyed and somehow just miss. Who eat live yeast in a lotus squat. Trina's husband, Steve, our supernatural air traffic controller, is sucking on icebox-materialized beer. Two gorgeous Kamp children, already glib in holistic cant, sit attendance near Trina's feet. I've heard the pre-teen son give counsel: "You should meditate more. It raises your life force." And the daughter, school notebook lapped, will sign you up for private sessions with the ghostly physician. Trina is attractive and, well, built like a haunted brick outhouse: very few women would leave a figure of that kind willingly. But I note this clenchedness around the mouth: as though Trina were saying fast-buck, fast-buck silently and often.

Yank chocks out. Trina is on the long runway of her spirit. Stark dark around: windows are bed-sheeted up. But this temporary apartment on Central Park West isn't light-hermetic enough: ectoplasm must have a jello mold, so to speak. There can be no seance "phenomena" tonight: no airborne trumpet, no luminescent, sheer-as-pantihose apparition: whaddaya want for your 15 bucks? Once Trina needed a quarter-hour to trance out: now she can up her landing gear in three minutes, while we —with Steve for a counselor—sing "Kumbayah." One of those folk-bathetic tunes that rich liberal children learn at Camp La-Nah-Tur-Nah. And then—looom—Dr. Doran is there. Revenant on the Upper West Side.

"Guid evenin', sheel-ren."

"Good evening, Dr. D."

"Uww. It's fa-muwly naght a-here. Spee-uck w'me yung Steyven ah tha same toime. So th'new uns know y'arnt ah ventrily-quist."

Holy St. Umlaut, what's this glottal, gormless dialect supposed to be? The noise of a stuck uvula? Schwa and plosive and diphthong that won't dip right: every sound is super-diacritical of some other sound. Dr. D. has lost plenty in his translation from one world to the next. Yet it can't be just-post-Chaucerian jive: who on Central Park West could understand that? The Wife of Bath's daughter, were she here, would come across like a cleft-palate Urduist. But if there is some astral language accommodation, why didn't Dr. D. go for Gehenna and speak plain American—instead of this Peter Sellers Bombay Bank Managerese: Scottish and Norwegian and Babu and Second Avenue gefilte fish. The voice is baritone; is jagged as a rind of Maine coastline. I can see Trina's profile: but I can't meter throat tension there. This performance, nonetheless, is well within her vocal—not to mention her ethical—capabilities.

So is the spectral advice. His recommendations are Delphic and then some. Dr. D. doesn't want a malpractice job dropped on him (though that subpoena would be hard to serve). The women, though, are in his airy clutches: vulnerable, timid, insecure. Most have consulted Dr. D. before; a few are weeping now.

"Dunna we-up."

"Dr. D., my mother has cancer. Why?"

"Awr. Cana-cer, it's anger."

"Dr. D., they say I need an operation."

"Ah dunna be-aleave in surgry. E' shud drinnk zom licorish tea."

"But my doctors say it's essential."

"Uhw. Well, it then mought wurk fer'ye."

"Dr. D., I'm having trouble in my relationship."

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

IN THIS AGE of energetic publication, with tens of thousands of volumes pouring from the presses annually, it is astonishing to observe that certain classics of political theory are not available to the general reading public.

The classics in question, of course, are those whose teachings run counter to the general drift of our political culture, as reflected in the universities and major publishing firms. In periods of regnant ideology, books which don't match up with orthodox opinion are allowed or encouraged to fall by the wayside, dismissed as irrelevant to issues of the present hour. Whereby the world is robbed of much good counsel.

Fortunately, there are some hardy souls who seek to remedy this defect. E.g., the Liberty Fund of Indianapolis, whose publishing arm in recent years has produced a steady stream of valuable reprints, including important volumes (Maine's *Popular Government*, John Taylor's *Arator*) not accessible in commercial format. Now, these publishers have outdone themselves. In *Gustave Le Bon: The Man and His Works* (Liberty Press, 7440 Shadeland Ave., Indianapolis, Ind. 46250; $8), they and editor Alice Widener have not only given us a remarkable book, but introduced us to a seminal thinker whose admirable contributions to political thought are scarcely known to modern readers.

Le Bon, a French professor of psychology and a true polymath, who wrote at the turn of the century, is best known today for his sociological study, *The Crowd*. But, as Mrs. Widener notes, the themes put forward in that famous essay were elaborated in even more dazzling fashion in other works, including *Psychological Laws of the Evolution of Peoples*, *The Psychology of Socialism*, *Opinions and Beliefs*, and *The Psychology of Revolution*, all of which are represented in this volume.

The common theme of all these excerpts is Le Bon's profound appreciation of the nonrational element in human conduct, and the powerful role it plays in political affairs. Though himself a natural scientist (among other things, he anticipated the splitting of the atom), he fully comprehended and condemned the scientific error of supposing the complexities of human life could be reduced to purely rational categories. Beliefs, emotions, customs, images, he contended, were the true mainsprings of human action.

The folly of the modern theorists, as Le Bon saw it, was to persuade themselves that they are substituting rational standards for irrational ones, when in fact they were doing something more nearly describable as the reverse. From Jacobin France to Marxist Socialism, what these allegedly scientific thinkers really strove for was a secular religion to fill the void created by the ebbing of Western faith—a new religion baser than the old, because it appealed to lower instincts and because the failure of its impossible promises of utopia must lead eventually to anarchy or despotism.

THIS ACCURATE precognition of the present era would by itself make Le Bon worth reading, but he provides much more: brilliant critiques of pacifism, the effects of the welfare state on character, the linkage of "humanitarianism" to crime, the fallacies of egalitarian politics, the dangers presented by semi-educated "intellectuals," the glacial tyranny of the bureaucrats, the problems with the mass-communications media, the "revolutionary" mind that chafes perpetually against reality. All of this developed in a marvelous, aphoristic style that is as pleasant to read as it is instructive.

Granted certain crotchets of thought and language that mark Le Bon as a man of the nineteenth century, this is an amazingly contemporary book. More to the point, it is a great book, the work of a far-seeing intellect which courted neglect by the modern world because it foretold so clearly what was going to go amiss, and why. □

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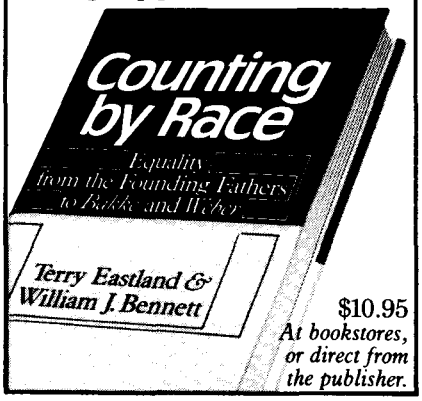

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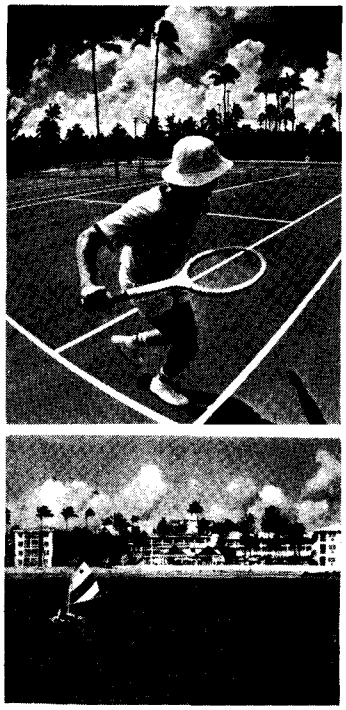

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"Ach. Meb-beh y'dun wan thaht relayshun-ship. We're responsible, e'know, fer thuh trubble w'have."

"Dr. D., on my way up Central Park West two black boys sprayed me in the mouth with Lysol. [Honest. She said that.] I mean, I was very upset. How should I have dealt with it?"

"Ahr, me cheeld. Why're yu cre-attin' things lige this t'happen?"

Despite his great age, Dr. D. is fluent in 1980s cosmic re-bop. (Note: "responsible" and "creating.") These are idiomatic to the chic body-mind systems: Rolfing, rebirthing, EST, Course in Miracles, etc. And they flag a strong popular trend. 1) We are responsible for what we do. (Okay: a sharp antidote to that 1960s carping—when establishment and mother were at fault.) 2) We are responsible, yet not *guilty*. (Less attractive: a little guilt is positive. But the cosmics say, Acknowledge responsibility, then drop it.) 3) We are responsible for events that we can in no rational sense be held responsible for. Mustn't arrest those Lysol kids: the woman "created" their unpleasant act with her negative attitude. (Stupid and dangerous: it bypasses all social and familial and, of course, religious structure. Moreover, the arrogant obverse is implied: men have god-like power.) 4) Since most people can't exercise this power (i.e., they keep getting Lysoled), they require a guru who will reassure, chide, and train them. Cosmic consciousness, for all its apparent individualism, is elitist: it must presuppose an authority figure. We have many small gods now.

"Doctor," I ask, "who's going to win the Columbia-Dartmouth game on Saturday?"

"Ach. I'm ne guid a pre-dickin'. Ahl sey Dar-mith and yew beh-er bet th' other wey."

Disarming insouciance. Except that Columbia plays Brown on Saturday. I don't expect astral folk to see the future, but they should know the Ivy League schedule at least. Or when someone is lying to them. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

NUREMBURG: *A Nation on Trial, by Werner Maser (Scribner's, 368 pp., $16.95).* After more than thirty years, the Nuremburg War Crimes Trial still arouses simmering controversy. The decision by the United States, the United Kingdom, France, and the Soviet Union to pass judgment on German political, civil, and military leadership has been praised as a step forward in international law and damned as an exercise in retribution and revenge. Werner Maser, a noted expert on the Hitler era, raises the usual questions concerning the legality and validity of the whole exercise, the lack of precedents for such a trial, the use of ex-post-facto law, and the future dangers of "victor's justice." More disquieting, however, is his study of the procedural irregularities of the Nuremburg Military Tribunal: its unprecedently strict sequestering of the prisoners; its failure to allow the defendants to consult relevant documents or to raise certain questions, such as those concerning the inequities of the Treaty of Versailles; the wartime behavior of the Allies and the dubious business of allowing the Soviet Union, Hitler's partner in aggression, to sit in judgment. Unfortunately, a surfeit of quotations, an often heavy and muddled prose style, and a somewhat misplaced sense of outrage serve to mar what might have been a major book on the subject. DAVID PIETRUSZA

THE ULTIMATE BASEBALL BOOK, *edited by Daniel Okrent and Harris Lewine (Houghton Mifflin, 352 pp., $29.95 until December 31, $35 thereafter).* It really is. Editors Okrent and Lewine have produced a veritable Hispano-Suiza of a book. The layout is superb, the pictures wonderful, the writing elegant. Never has the history of baseball been told so well, both graphically and textually—and the game has attracted much literary attention over the years. Debates may continue about the artistic merit of sportswriting, but the sad fact is that most books dealing with the sport (in fact, with any sport) are sadly deficient—either bad or juvenile, or both. There has been a fair amount of good writing on baseball, of course, but it will still be tough to top this book. Here we have baseball told for grownups. Here is the proper mixture of seriousness, facts, enthusiasm, and style. The history of the game is told in nine "innings" (perhaps the only concession to cuteness), with swiftness and clarity, by David Nemec. An essay on a team, pitcher, manager, ballpark—whatever suited the writer's fancy, apparently—follows each chapter. Robert W. Creamer writes on "The Old Orioles." Red Smith writes about the 1931 World Series. Tom Wicker profiles Enos Slaughter. Among the other contributors are John Leonard, Mordecai Richler, Roy Blount Jr., and Jonathan Yardley. Not all of these people are exactly denizens of the press-box, but each has been in some way touched by the game. At times marked with the standard excesses of sportswriting, the essays are nevertheless first-rate. JOE MYSAK

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Personal

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—Pub.)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

EDWARD UHLAN:

Rogue Publisher

There was an almost unbearable resentment in me against men with a great deal of money, but the resentment took the form of an equally unbearable determination to make enough for myself. This, of course, is no uncommon phenomenon: America is built by it. (Actual title: *The Rogue of Publishers' Row)*

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WM.F. BUCKLEY JR.

Teddy Again

On The Right

New York, Dec. 12—If Senator Kennedy keeps it up at the present rate, we should consider federal aid for Truth Squads. Alternatively, I volunteer to write Senator Kennedy's speeches and coach him through his press conferences, in return for which all I ask for is free medicine.

Said Mr. Kennedy on December 3, 1979, while working the Mountain States and California: "The Shah had the reins of power and ran one of the most violent regimes in the history of mankind." And again, "This nation must [not] condone the Shah and the record of his regime." And again, "The United States [must not] condone the repressive dictatorship of the Shah as ruler of Iran." And, finally, "How can we justify, in the United States, on the one hand accepting that individual because he would like to come here and stay here with his umpteen billions of dollars that he's stolen from Iran and, at the same time, say to Hispanics who are here legally that they have to wait nine years to bring their wives and children to this country?"

1. Let us cope with the preliminary part of that farrago of crapola by citing the handiest record of the net assessment of the Shah's reign, compiled by Henry Kissinger and published in the *Washington Post* four days before Mr. Kennedy spoke:

President Truman awarded the Shah the Legion of Merit in 1947 for his support of the Allied cause during World War II, and in 1949 praised the Shah's "courage and farsightedness" and his "earnestness and sincerity in the welfare of his people."

President Eisenhower in 1954 paid tribute to the Shah's "enlightened leadership."

President Kennedy in 1962 praised the Shah for "identifying himself with the best aspirations of his people."

President Johnson in 1964 lauded him as a "reformist twentieth century monarch," and in 1965 praised his "wisdom and compassion, perception and statesmanship."

President Nixon in 1969 declared the Shah had brought about "a revolution in terms of social and economic and political progress."

President Ford in 1975 called the Shah "one of the world's great statesmen."

President Carter in 1977 praised Iran as "a very stabilizing force in the world at large" and lauded the Shah for his "progressive attitude" which was "the source of much of the opposition to him in Iran."

What *has* been documented is that the Shah's secret police tortured and killed some of the Shah's opponents. It is unhappily the case that it is harder to find countries in which this does not happen, than countries in which it does.

2. On the matter of the Shah's wealth; chiefs of state, particularly autocrats, tend to opportunize on their sovereignty, even as businessmen opportunize on shortages of whisky. The Shah is not as rich as the Queen of England, whose agents in Northern Ireland have, by the way, been known to behave ungently toward political dissenters, which includes the kind of people who killed the Queen's cousin.

3. Admitting into the United States a former chief of state seeking political asylum isn't covered by nationalization and immigration laws. Senator Kennedy's appetite for legislation may induce him to propose such a law, which might be called: "A Law Regulating the Immigration to the United States of Deposed Chiefs of State." Presumably Mr. Kennedy's law would require more than 37 years of friendship to the United States and service to U.S. interests in order to qualify.

4. The reason there is delay in admitting the families of Hispanics is that they desire to come into this country in very great numbers. Twenty thousand persons per year per country may be admitted to the United States. The families of people who are already here fall under that quota. Mexico, with the largest number of immigrants, has the longest time to wait—six years (not nine years). But if the Mexican becomes a U.S. citizen, which he may do after five years, no further waiting is required. If Mr. Kennedy is in favor of absolutely unresticted immigration, let him say so. If he is against the United States' dealing with oppressive countries, let him say that. If he is against the United States' dealing with anyone who presides over a dictatorship, let him denounce those Presidents who have done so, beginning with his older, and wiser, brother. □

JESSE JACKSON'S STRANGE OBSESSION

New York, Dec. 14—The Reverend Jesse Jackson is a nimble man with a sense of humor and, of course, one of the most highly developed theatrical talents in town. Moreover, Mr. Jackson in recent years has aroused much support for his insistence that blacks press forward with the opportunities they have rather than sit back expecting to be visited with professional skills. In his thunderous voice he will tell an audience of black students that if some of them can become great basketball players, so can they become great doctors, and engineers, and teachers.

Then suddenly Jesse Jackson decided to bestow his attentions on the Middle East, and the next thing the public knew he was being carried on the shoulders of Palestinians who shouted alternately, Jackson! Arafat!

When did Jesse Jackson *get* that particular afflatus—the necessity to recognize the PLO?

On September 9 of this year, Barbara Walters said to Arafat on *Issues and Answers* that it was her impression the Palestinian National Charter called for the elimination of Israel. Arafat replied, "Did you read our charter? [In] an accurate translation? Did you receive it from the Israeli Embassy? I did not remember that [clause]." Did the PLO, when it spoke of "armed struggle," really mean to say "peaceful struggle"? Did the clause that calls on Palestinians to "reject all solutions which are substitutes for the *total liberation of Palestine*" really mean "accept any reasonable solution for the *partition* of Palestine"?

AND THEN, speaking to officials of *Time* magazine on August 20, Arafat was asked the question as unambiguously as it can be asked: *"Q: Are you willing to acknowledge the existence of Israel and its right to exist?* A. Why is this question always being addressed to the victim of aggression? *Q: Do you think you can ever acknowledge the existence of Israel?* A: Don't ask me this question. I'm not going to put my cards on the table."

What other government in the entire world do we recognize that doesn't exer-

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cise de facto authority over a stipulated geographical area? Ah, but Jesse Jackson listens to higher voices than mere diplomatic convention. He informs us that American blacks are concerned with the Middle East for two reasons. The first is that we must have a "vibrant economy," and to do that we need Middle Eastern oil. Granted, we need Middle Eastern oil, but the iron logic with which the argument is put by Mr. Jackson recalls those voices, 150 years ago, that said we needed a vibrant economy in the South, and therefore had to have slavery. And then he lists a second argument, of transcendent force. He says of his fellow blacks, "We have an interest in justice and equality. We must assert human rights for all human beings. PLO recognition is a human right."

In the first place, as a matter of grammar, "recognition" cannot be a "right." But if Mr. Jackson is saying that representatives of people who do not enjoy justice and equality have a claim on our sympathy, we must agree with him. And one therefore wonders why he has not come out for U.S. recognition of the Baltic World Conference? Or of the Bulgarian National Front? Or of the Committee for a Free Estonia? Or the Committee for a Free Latvia? Or the Committee for a Free Lithuania? Or the Council of Free Czechoslovakia? Or the relevant committees representing Yugoslavia, Poland, Rumania, not to say Ukraine and Byelorussia? And why not poor China? (Is there a little Oriental exclusion in the air?)

THE PALESTINIAN people have suffered a great deal, in a world whiplashed by passion, ambition, and ideology. There are 1,700,100 Palestinian refugees, refugees defined by the U.S. Coordinator for Refugee Affairs as "people not permanently settled, mostly in camps." They are the object of Jesse Jackson's concern, and mine, though we disagree on how best they can be helped. But since Mr. Jackson regularly speaks in global terms, should he not take the opportunity to suggest remedies for 3,400,000 refugees who are *not* Palestinians? There are over two million refugees in Africa: 250,000 Ethiopians in the Sudan; 125,000 Angolans in Zaire; 134,000 Burundis in Tanzania; 200,000 Ethiopians in Somalia—for instance. And, outside Africa, 200,000 in Cyprus, 100,000 Afghans in Pakistan; 200,000 Cambodians in Thailand and twice that number in Vietnam; 370,000 Burmese and Biharis in Bangladesh. Surely more than enough to exhaust the compassionate energies of Jesse Jackson, who, for reasons we can only speculate on, elects to make his central concern the recognition of an organization conceived in intransigence, weaned on terrorism, practiced in deception, comprising leaders inexperienced in the habits of liberty, of justice, of democracy, of due process.

Why? Why isn't Jesse Jackson touring the Mideast urging its people to applaud the single genuine diplomatic achievement of thirty years. Namely the functioning detente between Egypt and Israel? Where is his encouragement for that noble statement of Anwar Sadat when in 1977 he appeared in Tel Aviv and announced, "I renounce my past." Should Jesse Jackson ask less of Yasir Arafat? □

IS EVERYBODY CRAZY?

New York, Dec. 17—"How would the Israelis feel if we had put Eichmann up at a New York hospital?" That statement was made last week to reporters by the Reverend Jesse Jackson, approximately two months after he said in Israel that the Holocaust is better understood in historical context if we remember that sixty million blacks were killed during the slave period, an astonishing figure given that the United States imported only 650,000 slaves.

It isn't only Jesse Jackson. Mary McGrory, who has been known to feel sympathy for those who are sick and tormented, has decided that allowing the Shah to enter a New York hospital is an abomination, one moreover for which Henry Kissinger is to blame. In her column, she oscillates wildly in her vituperation, leaving the reader not quite sure whether she hates more the Shah, or Henry Kissinger. She writes, "[Kissinger] has made notable contributions to our peace of mind and our position in the world. The Christmas bombing of Hanoi stands out, but there were others: the subversion of the democratically elected government of Chile; the alliance with the Greek colonels; the tilting toward Pakistan; the invasion of Cambodia during the Vietnam War. Those things he did, at least, while he was the duly sworn Secretary of State."

Good gracious. The lady, like Jesse Jackson, is carried away. In the first place, Kissinger wasn't Secretary of State when we recognized the Greek colonels. He was a professor at Harvard. And he wasn't Secretary of State when we invaded Cambodia, or bombed Hanoi, or tilted toward Pakistan. The democratically elected government of Chile was overthrown two weeks before Kissinger became Secretary of State, and three months after the Supreme Court of Chile declared that Allende was in defiance of the Constitution. The story concerning all the above is lucidly and brilliantly narrated in Henry Kissinger's memoirs, which Mary McGrory is unlikely to read, preferring her nightmares.

What on earth is going on? Eichmann and the Shah! The Shah who murdered 350,000 people and who got out of the country with $35 billion, the Ayatollah says. Are they now believing all that in Missouri?

No one has the figures, yet for reasons that defy understanding the rantings of the Ayatollah are taken as revealed truth. We grant the hypnotic hold of the Ayatollah on young Islamic fanatics, but since when did Jesse Jackson and Mary McGrory succumb to the tyranny of the mullahs?

Look: The overwhelming majority of the nations of this world are governed by the repression of the minority. The situation in Iran is an extraordinary paradox because it was efforts at liberalization—for instance, the granting of privileges to women; the land reform that reduced the holdings of the Islamic satraps—that lit the fires of Islamic resentment. Not the torture, nor the killings, to which they are quite accustomed, and which continue under the Ayatollah. As I say, we do not have the figures. But I challenge Miss McGrory, or Jesse Jackson, or anybody, to prove, or even persuasively to demonstrate, that the per capita monstrosities in Iran under the Shah were greater than what is routine in Syria, Libya, Iraq, Nasser's Egypt, Algeria, Pakistan. We ought never to get used to torture and repression. But the notion that the Shah of Iran is a distinctive practitioner of these ancient anti-democratic arts, that he is to be compared to Adolf Eichmann, is a gross venture in self-delusion, and from such ventures wild statements spring, and the language of civil discourse is suspended.

ALONG COMES brave old Mexico, whose President José López Portillo a few months ago received Fidel Castro, the most monstrous torturer in this hemisphere, who has oppressed his people on a scale never dreamed of by the Shah of Iran, by saying, "It is a privilege for me, as president of my country, to salute you and to receive you." Mexicans pride themselves on their independence. What kind of independence do they exercise, when the madman temporarily running things in Iran can tell Mexico whom it may grant visas to? López Portillo finds it perfectly safe to insult the President of the United States, but trembles at incurring the wrath of the Ayatollah even after taking the precaution of shutting down Mexico's embassy in Iran.

We know the Ayatollah is crazy. The question is, how widespread is the disease? □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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PILON

(Continued from page 36)

no New York lag here. As I read his detailed, thoughtful response I feel it has all been worth it: the three years of writing and rewriting; the 15 years of hatching my memories and distilling them from a pain initially too private for universalization; the decades it took for my grandparents' stories to gel into their respective agonies.

Henry and I met again on Thanksgiving when I flew to Chicago, to sign the contract. Not that it had to be done in person. But for *me* it was necessary to be there: in Chicago, where I went to school and was married; in Chicago, where Mircea and Cristinel Eliade now live, the two people who encouraged me to work my notes into a document for the American audience—I had to be with them to share the event. But also I had to meet Henry Regnery Sr.—the father, the man who conceived the publishing company and defined its spirit. And of course I had to see Henry himself again.

Fortunately, my appointment with the Regnerys was set sufficiently late in the day to accommodate a five-hour plane delay in Atlanta. As Henry shook my hand he seemed to embrace me with his smile. He then introduced me to his father and we sat down at a table in the bar of the faculty club at the University of Chicago. Since the bar was closed, we were by ourselves, the three of us: again it seemed like a conspiracy.

Well, Next Time

Unlike the time I met Henry in Atlanta, on this occasion I couldn't speak at all, concerned that anything I might say would be too trivial. Finally I did speak, but it quickly turned out that my premonition had been justified, for as soon as Henry's father started to talk I knew his memory held far more riches than ours did. He told us about the beginning of his career in publishing—a somewhat reluctant start, a response to the need for important material to see the light of day. Then gradually the fascination of meeting the authors—many of them foreign, some with unpopular, dissident messages—would make publishing a life-sustaining occupation. As his father recounts stories of the eccentric, sometimes brilliant, always unique personalities he met and helped to speak to a larger world, Henry watches him with a warm glow. A few rapid hours later, evening having settled over the city, it is time to take our leave. When I shake the hand of Henry Sr., he says he is glad we have met. I don't know what I answered except that it was altogether inadequate: inexplicably tonguetied, I couldn't convey to him just how much I had enjoyed his enthusiasm.

Henry stayed a little longer to discuss the details of my contract, and we chatted a bit. He told me that his father had just written an autobiography, which would be out in the spring from Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, about his adventures in publishing. After a few years away from publishing, he was now returning to it, though Henry was to do the bulk of the work. We could have talked all night about Henry Sr., about everything we still needed to share. But Henry had to go home to South Bend, to his family. I was sorry—I had wanted to show him the campus of the University of Chicago, my home for nearly a dozen years. Well, next time . . .

There was to be no next time. I saw Henry only once more, in Washington, D.C., where he was selling books at the meeting of the American Philosophical Association—Regnery/Gateway's philosophy books: Locke, Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, St. Augustine . . . Bearded professors stop and write out their small orders for one or two paperbacks at a 20 per cent convention discount. Not too many books are sold: it's hard to compete with the big houses which can afford to give out complimentary copies. With Henry is Dennis Connell, his associate, a lively young man in his twenties who is writing a book on the philosophy of the social sciences.

While Dennis watches the booth and answers customers' questions, Henry and I speak for a few minutes. And again it seems as if a transparent curtain is drawn separating us from the busy world around; again we utter each other's thoughts implicitly. This time we discuss philosophy as a profession: the cynical commandments that govern the academic enterprise no less rigidly for its pretensions to objectivity; the demographic pressures on the field of teaching; the tyranny of intellectual fashions. There is no bitterness in our words, only a recognition of difficult times ahead. Henry smiles, as always.

Then suddenly it was time to go; we were in a hurry for something—I don't know what. I only remember that it was a brief moment, which I am now persistently trying to recall in greater detail. Though what's the use? I am not sure. I am really not sure at all.

It is Memorial Day weekend again, and the American Booksellers' Association is meeting, this time in Los Angeles. Henry is to go, with Dennis, to sell their books. Gateway is releasing only a few hardbounds: in addition to my journal, there is a memoir by Felix Morley—born at the end of the last century, he was editor of the *Washington Post*, then later helped to found the conservative/libertarian newspaper *Human Events*—and Raymond Aron's book *In Defense of Decadent Europe*, translated from the French. Aron's book, according to the publisher's notice, "is an eloquent plea to Europeans—and to Americans by extension—to recognize that our society and our civilization are worth defending."

Behind Every Book

I guess that plea is really behind every book Henry and his father have put out. It was behind our brief—all too brief—conversations on the few occasions we were together. And I'm sure Henry would still support that plea if he were here today.

Well, no, I am not so sure. I can no longer look at that machine without horror: a DC-10 needle intended to pierce the clouds with modern *hubris*. It was not just any plane crash: it was called "the biggest disaster in American aviation history." As I saw Henry's name pass quietly on the TV screen tonight along with the names of the other victims—a civilized requiem, almost obscene in its simplicity—I felt the sharp points of a million pins go through the nerves behind my eyes. His three children. Thirty-four years old. What "eloquent plea" is there? What "civilization worth defending"? The impudent steel needle pierced the skies and was turned to fire, mocking our eloquent pleas and our smug civilization in an absurd sacrifice to a god who must have forgotten his original intentions.

Yet even as I write such profanities I stop to consider that I can't really believe them. After all, I've written something. And I have Henry's smile, forever etched on my memory. There is also the little publishing company he left behind, and Henry Sr. We'll all go on. But there will be one reason less. □

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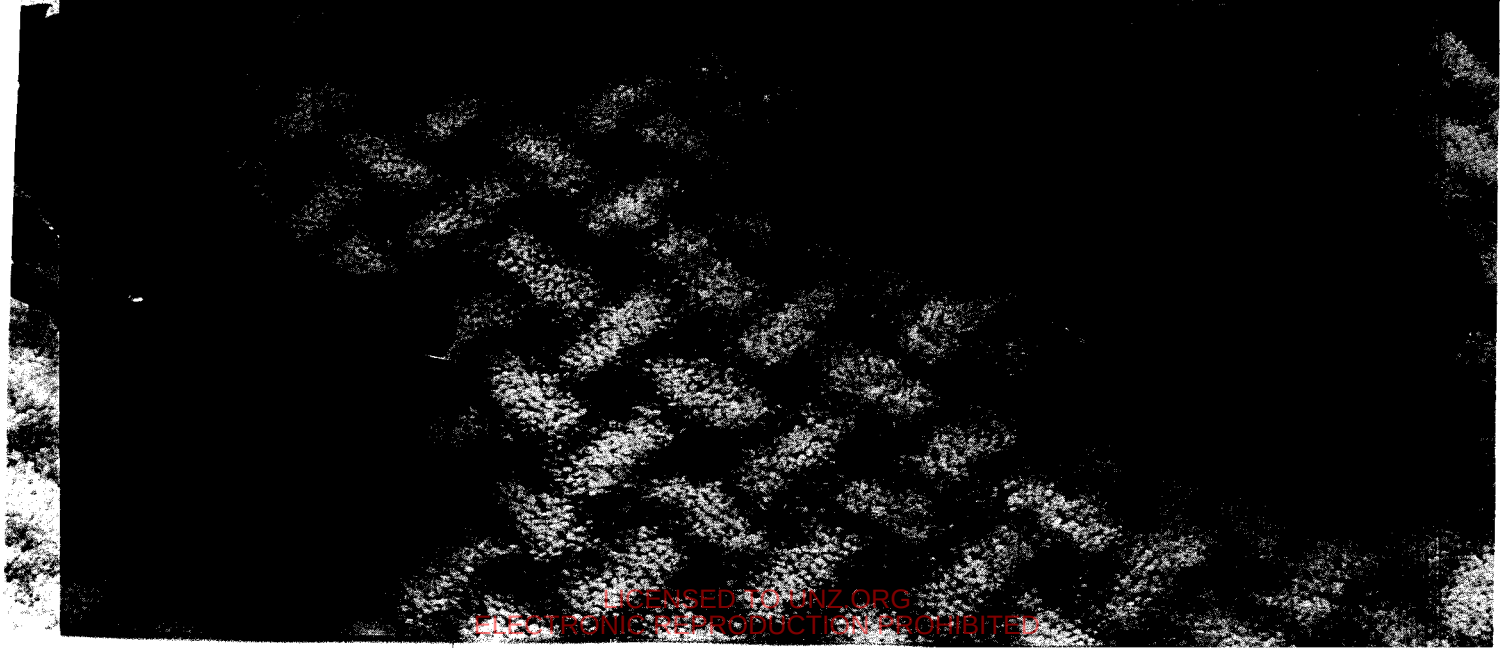

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. German-English composer and one of his works — 34 207 92 114 122 136 159 101 106 36 / 73 78 89 128

B. A festival observed in some churches shortly after New Year's — 42 178 50 154 46 186 150 190

C. Newspaper to which WORDS F and O wrote — 48 3 55 187 192 38 151 163 6 208

D. Grenville's ship; poem by Tennyson (fol. *The*) — 116 75 21 153 134 13 177

E. *Totanus melanoleucus* or *Totanus flavipes* — 145 22 27 58 146 196 221 35 118 74

F. Middle name of writer of letter to WORD C — 211 83 57 49 107 121 179 184

G. Painting by Fra Angelico and Fra Filippo Lippi — 220 76 125 213 164 14 218 170 174 182 / 79 95 105 111 161 25 41 31

H. Six of these United States — 12 30 188 210 223 110 137 149 191 185

I. Publication classification system deviser — 59 69 81 87 4

J. What Pulitzer sailed in — 169 109 155 119 33

K. Unscramble THE PUCK — 175 212 193 172 82 147 217

L. County seat of Greene County, Ala. — 215 205 120 173 7

M. *O Come, All Ye Faithful* — 1 62 176 43 26 54 126 91 166 72 / 77 94 103

N. Town in Van Buren County, Ark. — 16 216 224 115 157 65 144 206 85

O. Last name of writer of letter to WORD C — 5 24 60 90 97 15 40

P. One of these United States — 201 52 194 189

Q. A Christmas carol — 219 64 80 168 102 183 123 104 113 138 / 143 195

R. A French revolutionist politician (1759-1794) — 84 53 135 93 28 127

S. A so-called practical joke — 96 56 141 181 222 204 160

T. A sightseer — 133 171 70 86 20 2 51 98 148 214

U. Another name for the Virginia creeper — 158 29 198 139 117 209 129

V. A Christmas carol — 199 167 9 17 61 63 165 47 88 68 / 66

W. What some politicians would rather pass than a bill — 23 99 130 142 162 37

X. Stand under this and you might get mononucleosis, thus bussing amiss — 108 8 124 67 18 100 131 39 140

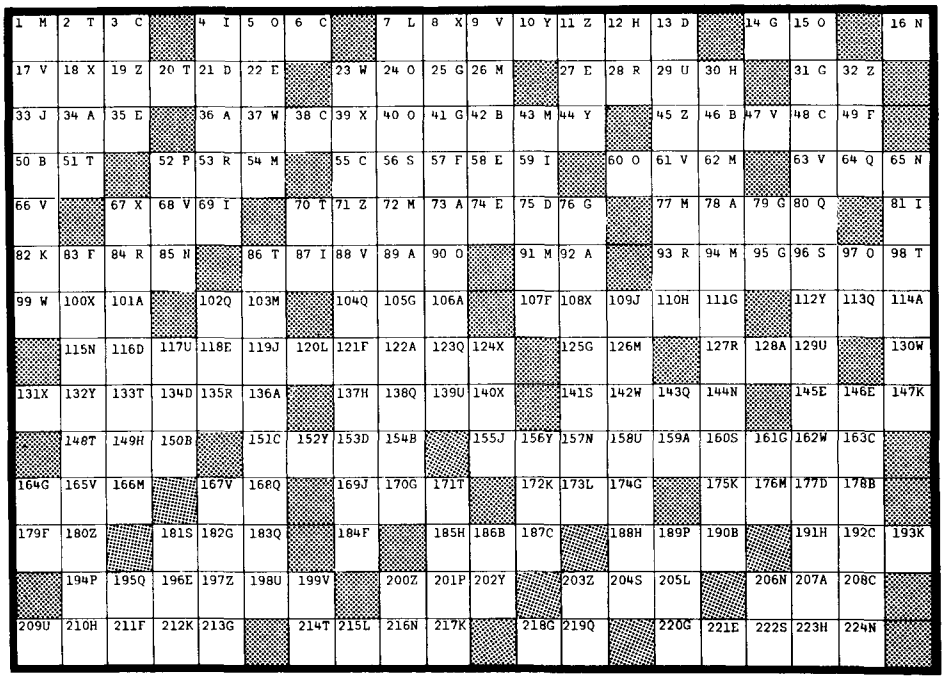
Y. A type of contestant — 112 44 156 10 132 202 152

Z. Permanence — 32 45 197 200 11 71 19 180 203

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 53 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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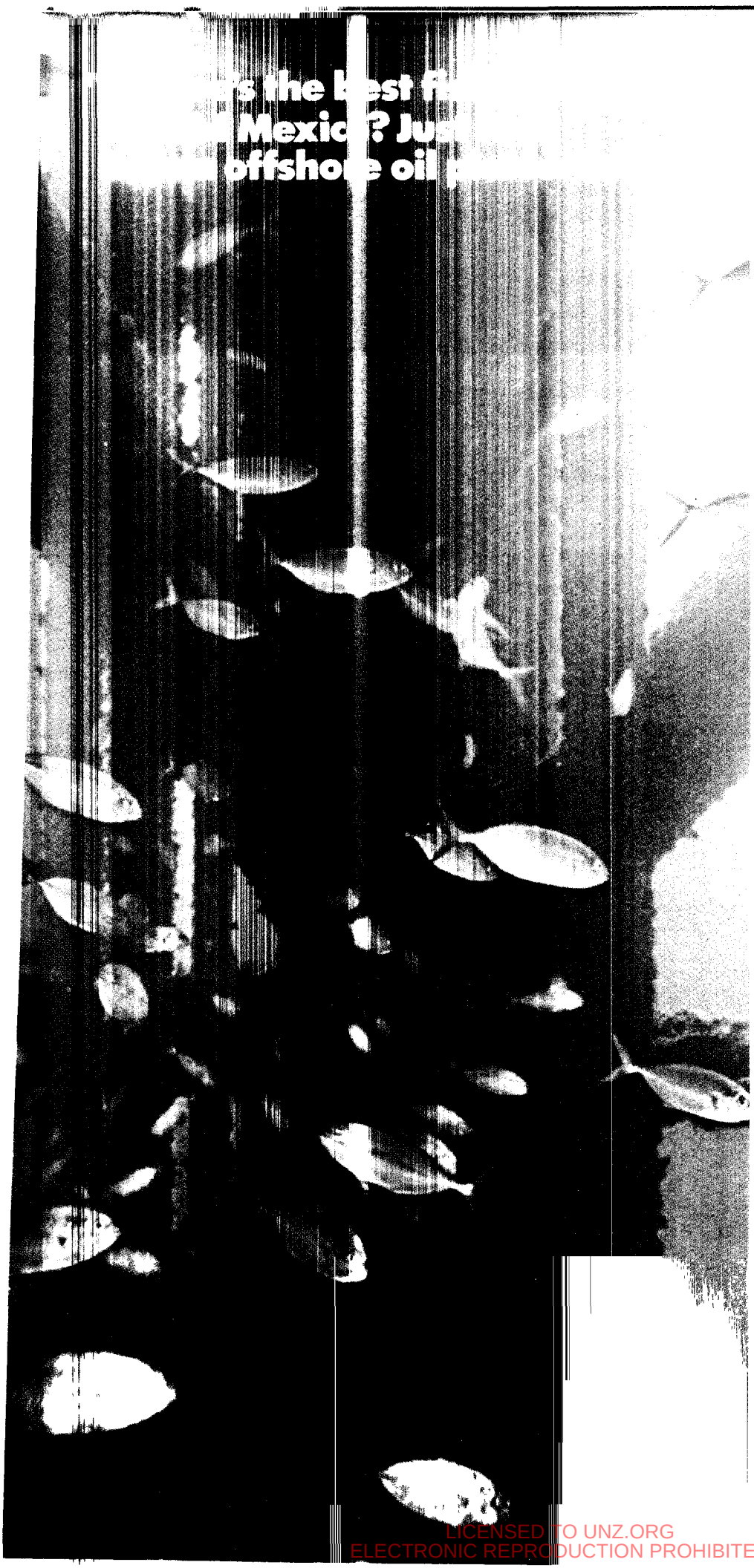
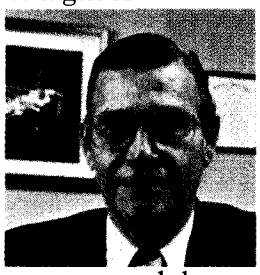


"If you have any doubts, ask one of the men who run sports fishing boats in the Gulf," says H. E. Braunig, a Manager of Environmental Affairs at Gulf Oil. "When they want to guarantee their customers a good day's fishing, they head straight for the oil platforms.



"Twenty universities and thousands of fish say oil platforms don't hurt the environment."

"What happens around the bottom of the oil platforms is ecologically identical to what happens around any natural reef.

"A food chain starts. Mussels, anemones, starfish, anything that likes to live on a solid underwater surface, all come first. Then the fish that feed on them; and so on, until a whole ecosystem builds up.

"Even with the oil platforms, it's life as usual in the Gulf of Mexico—even for the commercial shrimp and oyster fishermen, whose livelihood depends on clean water.

"That's living proof that offshore platforms aren't ecologically destructive. A two-year study by twenty Gulf Coast universities, concluded in 1974, says the same thing.

"Gulf people are meeting a lot of challenges in getting the oil out while preserving the environment. This problem just seemed to solve itself; and with continual environmental monitoring and sampling, on all current and future offshore sites, we intend to make sure it stays solved."

Gulf

Gulf people: meeting the challenge.

Gulf Oil Corporation

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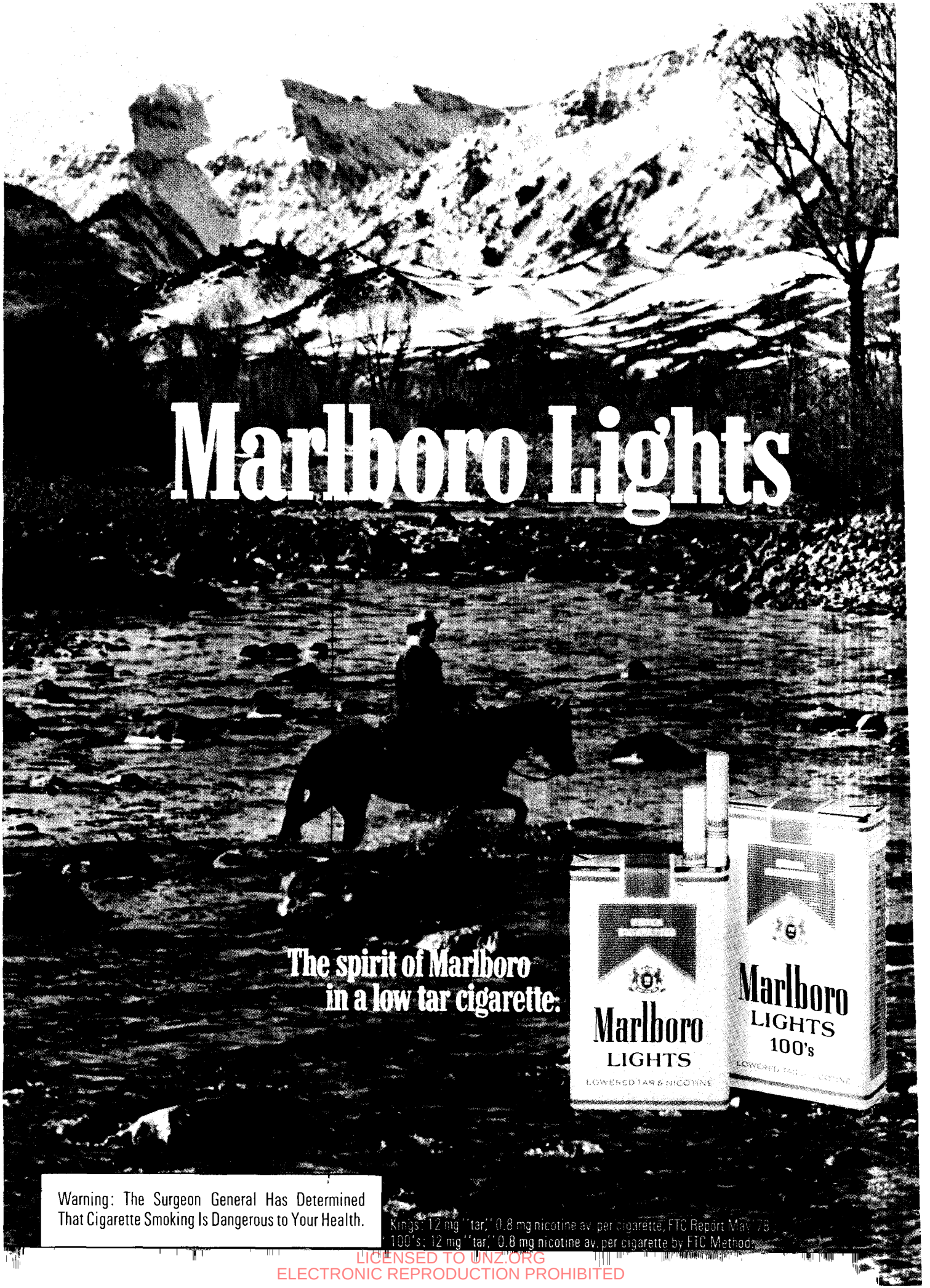
Marlboro Lights
The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.
Marlboro
LIGHTS
LOWERED TAR & NICOTINE
Marlboro
LIGHTS
100's
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Kings: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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